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Comment Of The Day

A SMALL PRICE TO PAY

FOR the first time in our history, registered births last year topped 100,000 and natural increase for the last 12 years now totals 700,000. The nightmare problem of overpopulation is again brought into sharp focus.

Are we powerless to check it? Of the many community groups which have laboured tirelessly to relieve poverty and misery in our midst, one of the most energetic, and also most modest, is the Family Planning Association. Its latest figures deserve to be widely read for by calculation from records, the Association claims to have prevented 6,792 live births last year, or 6.4 per cent of the total registered births.

THE figure is an estimate but the Association believes it to be realistic, it says.

"When one considers the implications of adding 7,000 more unwanted babies to Hongkong's already swollen population in terms of expense involved, the capital required, the cost of education and sacrifices required of the other family members, the \$10 per birth prevented it cost Family Planning seems a small price to pay for the increased well-being of the families involved but of the Colony as a whole."

The figures are all the more remarkable since the Association claims last year's achievement to be almost twice the number prevented in the previous year; proof that doubling the number of clinics to 20 has shown good results. The Association further urges resources that could influence greatly the birth rate and through it, the well-being of the Colony.

Here is an organisation concerned with one of the truly basic causes of economic hardship in Hongkong. Here is another example of how with public donations our people are tackling their most formidable problems. It is an organisation that deserves maximum community support.

Just Hours Before The Comet Leaves, A Message From Moscow

"SPEND SUNDAY WITH ME"

And Khrushchev's Last Minute Invitation To Macmillan Sends British Hopes Soaring

Moscow, Feb. 21. The Soviet Premier, Nikita Khrushchev, has invited the Prime Minister, Mr Harold Macmillan, to spend Sunday at his villa in suburban Moscow in order to have a long private talk with him, British sources said today.

The last-minute change of programme heightened interest in the visit by Macmillan, who will leave London for Moscow this morning at 8 a.m. (4 p.m. Hongkong time), with the Foreign Secretary, Mr Selwyn Lloyd and a party of 30.

It was not yet known whether other British and Soviet officials would take part in the Sunday talks or whether they would be held solely between the two government heads.

The Chance

British circles expressed great satisfaction at the invitation, which seemed to give the visiting Prime Minister the chance he was hoping for.

Macmillan has always said that he wanted above all to get information on Khrushchev's intentions regarding major world problems.

During the past few days, Moscow newspapers have attached considerable importance to Macmillan's visit.

Mr Macmillan will carry with him the good wishes of all parties in Parliament for the success of his trip, says a London report.

In an eve-of-departure speech he spoke of the situation in Berlin and the Russian attitude towards it as being "threatening and even dangerous."

No Negotiations

The Prime Minister has all along made it clear, that his visit is a reconnaissance and that there is no question of negotiations being involved.

The Prime Minister will leave London in his Comet jetliner with a clear-cut philosophy on his visit. "It can do no harm, and I trust it may do some good."

It is generally assumed that in his meetings with the Russians the focal topics of Berlin and the German question as a whole will be closely studied. —France-Press and Reuters.

DENNIS STAFFORD CAUGHT AFTER 6 WEEKS

London, Feb. 20. Dennis Stafford, 25-year-old convict who escaped from Dartmoor prison — one of Britain's largest gaols — six weeks ago was recaptured in London tonight.

Stafford was recognised by two Scotland Yard detectives as he was walking along fashionable Piccadilly, arrested and taken to a police station for questioning.

In November, 1958, Stafford escaped from a London prison and was later arrested in Port of Spain Trinidad.

Seven Years

He escaped from Dartmoor early last month with another man, William Day, whose body was found in a reservoir four miles from the gaol last Monday.

Both Stafford and Day were originally gaoled for seven years, Stafford for housebreaking, receiving, and being in possession of an offensive weapon.

Tonight a message was sent to Dartmoor Prison authorities who were expected to send an escort to collect Stafford.

He and Day escaped into the swirling mist on the Devon moors after scaling a 20-foot high wall with an improvised ladder.

Eluded Net

About 1,000 police combed the moor in freezing weather, but the two men eluded a net of road blocks and it was believed they might have had outside help.

Later Stafford was reported to have reached the West Indies again. Another report said he was in Brazil. —Reuters.

'LONDON IS TO BE EVACUATED' TV Show Causes Panic In Britain

London, Feb. 20. A minor panic swept parts of Britain tonight. A voice boomed over the nation's commercial television service: "London, the cabinet has decided, is to be evacuated...."

Just before the announcement a picture of a motionless satellite was shown hovering over London.

The speech and the voice sent frightened men and women to their telephones asking their local police stations: "Are we being invaded from outer space?"

Television studios in London, the West of England and South Wales got their quota of calls.

But the voice was only introducing a play "Before The Sun Goes Down" about an eccentric Irish drunk and a lonely girl who found themselves the only people left in an evacuated London.

One man phoned Scotland Yard and said the play should be stopped. His wife was expecting a baby and had been very frightened by the "warning," he said.

Swamped

The switchboard at Associated-Rediffusion television headquarters in London was swamped by telephone calls.

A man who phoned a domestic news agency, complained: "They came out with a special announcement from the Prime Minister saying there was a space ship over London ready to drop bombs and we had to keep calm."

They actually gave the words of the Prime Minister's speech.

"It was awful, the worst thing I have seen."

The public reaction recalled the pre-war alarm in the United States when Orson Welles presented a radio programme on the "War of the Worlds."

Early reports, however, did not suggest that British viewers had reacted with the same degree of panic as American listeners did on the previous occasion.

Dulles Companion Ordered To Rest

Washington, Feb. 20. Mr Andrew Berding, 57, the Assistant Secretary of State for Public Affairs and an almost constant travelling companion of Mr John Foster Dulles, the Secretary of State, has been ordered to rest for two weeks.

State Department officials said Mr Berding, who has accompanied Mr Dulles on most of his flying visits around the world, had been working at a "very fast pace" and had to be taken home by a doctor and a nurse. —Reuters.

Apologised

The Orson Welles play produced a wave of suicides and collapses from coast to coast.

Television spokesmen later apologised to frightened viewers and explained the announcement was made to create atmosphere.

At the end of the play an announcer said: "We understand that the play has caused some alarm."

"It was, of course, publicised as a play, but nevertheless we should like to apologise if the opening caused any distress." —Reuters.

Rescue Offers For Marooned Animals In Africa

Salisbury, Feb. 20. Anxious animal lovers are bombarding the Southern Rhodesia Government here with offers to help in the rescue of wild animals marooned on islands formed by the rising waters of the Kariba Lake.

But the Irrigation Minister, Mr A. R. Stumbles, has told Parliament all offers of aid from the public have been rejected because of the danger to untrained people.

The trapped animals form a wide cross-section of jungle life, ranging from elephants and lions to baboons and snakes.

TRANQUILLISER

The government in its rescue operations plans to shoot "tranquilliser darts" at the fierce animals such as lions and leopards.

Beasts like elephants and rhinos will be driven in the right direction to give them a chance of reaching land if they swim for it.

But there will be no attempt to rescue such animals as snakes, monkeys, baboons or bush pigs. —Reuters.

18-Degree Drop In Temperature

The temperature dropped 18 degrees in 17 hours to 7 o'clock this morning when a minimum of 53.9 degrees was recorded.

At 2 p.m. yesterday, the temperature was 72.1.

For the first time in five days, the relative humidity has dropped below 90 per cent. When observations were taken at the Royal Observatory this morning, the humidity was down to 72 per cent.

The outlook for tomorrow, so far as the same as today, with cloudy skies and fair periods. But tomorrow, it is expected to be slightly cooler.

Tory Leader Hits Cyprus Plan

London, Feb. 20. Lord Hinchinbrooke, leader of the right-wing of the Conservative Party parliamentary group, today criticised the Cyprus agreement, which was reached in London this week.

Speaking at a party rally, Lord Hinchinbrooke said that Britain should continue to exercise its rights in Cyprus on the following three points:

- ★ Britain should retain full sovereignty over its bases. This has been obtained.
- ★ Britain should have the right to re-occupy the island in the event of domestic disorders breaking out, which threatened the security of these bases. Parliament had been given assurances on this count, but the exact clauses should be given thorough examination.
- ★ Britain should have the right to veto the new state of Cyprus freedom to conclude treaties with non-enemy powers, to obtain subsidies or to set up strategic British positions. It appears that Britain has not obtained this right in the agreement provisions. —France-Press.

Four Axed To Death

Zurich, Feb. 20. A Swiss mother and her three sons were found dead in a pool of blood in their home today. Police said they had been killed with an axe.

Authority launched a wide-spread search for Emil Gasser, 59, head of the family, whose motorcycle was found abandoned near the edge of Lake Zurich.

The brutal murder of Mrs Maria, 34 and her three sons, was the second crime of violence in Zurich within 24 hours, police said. —U.P.

THREE THOUSAND SEE LATE AGA KHAN REBURIED

Aswan, Feb. 20. The reburial ceremony today of the Aga Khan, the late spiritual head of the Ismaili sect, took exactly a quarter of an hour.

The body of the Aga Khan, who died in 1957 and who was buried in a temporary tomb, pending the building of a special mausoleum here, was wrapped in a green, white and gold shroud, and was carried in brilliant sunshine, by Prince Karim, his grandson and successor, Karim's uncle, Sadruddin and Karim's brother Amin.

A group of 700 women had preceded the procession to the mausoleum where they awaited the arrival of the cortege. The crowd of Ismailis, all dressed in white, who attended the ceremony was estimated at 3,000.

While the coffin stood in the mausoleum, the Pakistan Officer, Kassel Aly Gaafar recited verses from the Koran. Afterwards, the body was lowered to its resting place while the crowd prayed.

Prince Karim is to leave here for Cairo tomorrow and then fly to the United States to resume his studies at Harvard University on Sunday. —France-Press.

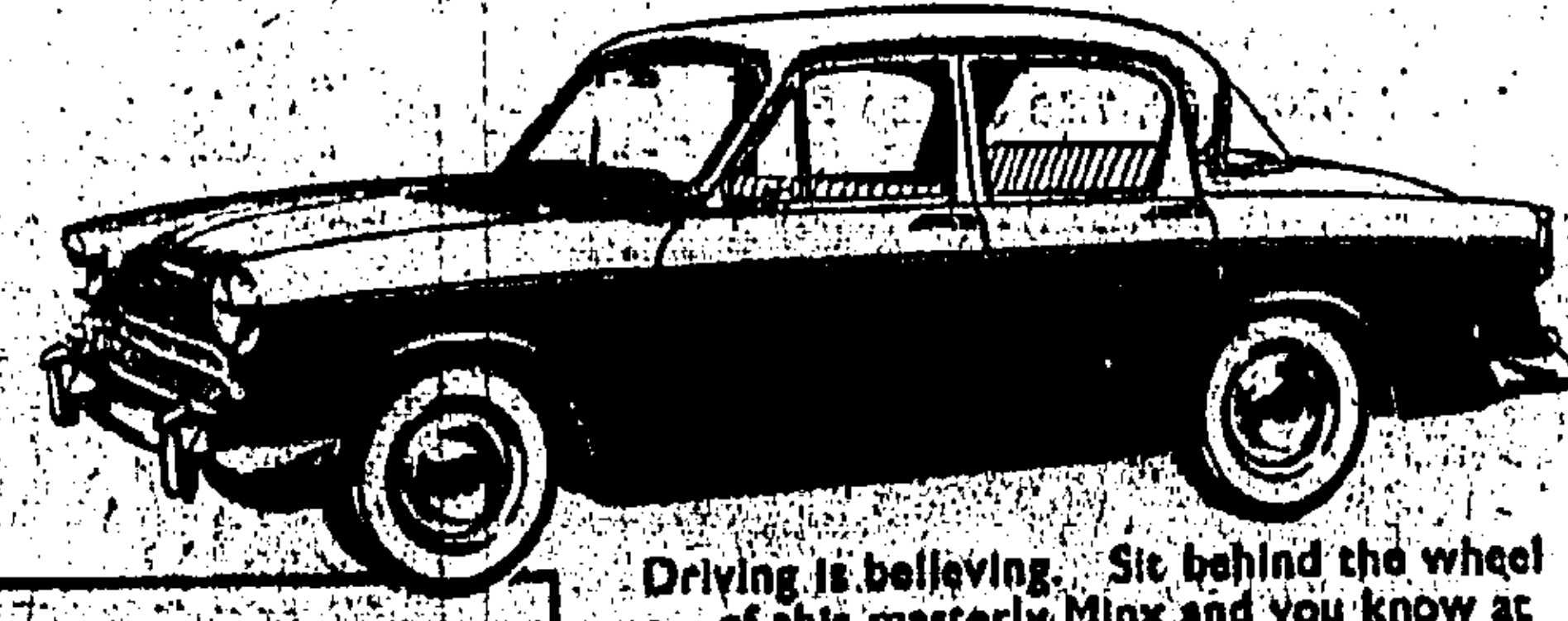


With a **S&C** kettle
There's no need to hurry!
With an **Infra Red** grill
You haven't a worry!
Breakfast is ready in less than a tick
Your **S&C** cooker's electric and quick

THE BRITISH GENERAL ELECTRIC CO. LTD.

THE GREAT NEW 1959 HILLMAN MINX

— powered by a great new, fully proven, economical **HILLMAN** engine



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GILMAN MOTORS
City Showrooms: Padder St. N.E. Tel. 2400, 2410
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Driving is believing. Sit behind the wheel of this masterly Minx and you know at once you're in a great car.

The new Hillman Minx 1500 c.c. engine makes this great new family saloon into a big car performer.

Prove it for yourself — today!

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Boord's

London

Gin...

Take a tip from London—and look for the Cat and Barrel bottle. That's the way to spot the gin that has made London famous for Gin since 1726.

CORDIAL OLD TOM FINEST DRY GIN

BOORD'S

FINEST LONDON GIN

CALDER, MACGREGOR & CO. LTD. SOLE IMPORTERS

KING'S PRINCESS

★ TO-DAY ★

France's Famous Sex-Kitten Reveals More Than Ever Before!

BRIGITTE BARDOT'S

...FIRST
NEW
FILM
SENSATIONFROM
THE
MAKERS OF
"AND
GOD
CREATED
WOMAN"...BRIGITTE BARDOT
STEPHEN BOYD ALIDA VALLI
THE NIGHT HEAVEN FELLProduced by Raoul J. Levy Directed by Roger Vadim
Screenplay by Roger Vadim and Jacques Tati Based on the novel by Albert Vidalie A Captivating International RomanceA CINEMASCOPE
in Eastman Color

The Hottest Exposure Since Man, Created Film!

KING'S

TO-MORROW

MORNING SHOWS

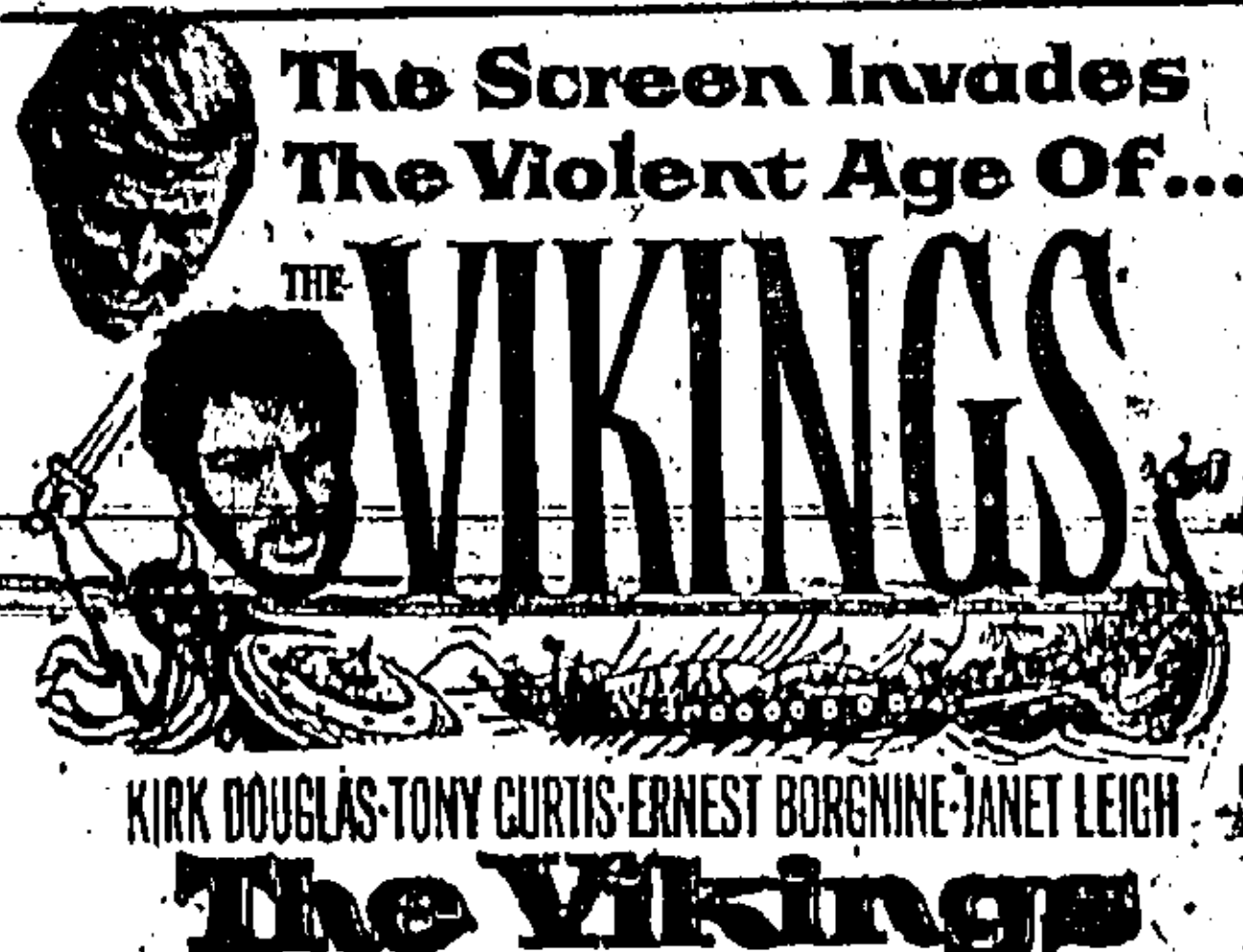
At 11.00 a.m. PARAMOUNT TECHNICOLOR CARTOONS
Admission: \$1.00 & \$1.50

At 12.15 p.m. John Wayne in "HONDO" A Warner Picture

PRINCESS

WEEK-END MORNING &
MATINEE SHOWSToday at 12.30 p.m. Burt Lancaster & Tony Curtis in
"SWEET SMELL OF SUCCESS"Tomorrow at 11.00 a.m. Universal-International Presents
"A VARIETY PROGRAMME OF WOODPECKER
CARTOONS"Tomorrow at 12.30 p.m. Clark Gable & Yvonne De Carlo in
"BAND OF ANGELS" in Color

STAR METROPOLE

2ND TRIUMPHANT WEEK
NOW SHOWING THE 8th DAYOwing to length of picture please note change of times:
At 2.30, 5.20, 7.30 & 9.40 P.M.STAR: To-day Extra Performance of
"THE VIKINGS" At 12.30 p.m.AT USUAL PRICES!
STAR & METROPOLE: 5 Shows To-morrow. Extra
Performance of "THE VIKINGS" At 12.30 p.m.To-morrow Special Morning Show At Reduced Prices
STAR: At 11.00 a.m. METROPOLE: At 11.00 a.m.
LATEST FOX TECHNICOLOR CARTOONS PROGRAMME

Washington

RESTAURANT, NIGHT CLUB & BARS

Delicious Cantonese Cuisine and Full Wine List

Music by Tino Gatchalian and
his band featuring the most
famous Philippines Radio & T.V.
Star.Miss Carmen Perina
and the Queen of Songs,
Miss Yvonne Cheung.PARKING SPACE NO PROBLEM
Reservations Tel. 60000, 60777
3rd to 5th floors, Buckingham Bldg.
317-321 Nathan Road, Kowloon.FILMS CURRENT & COMING
by
ANTHONY FULLER

NOEL Purcell told me a good story last week on Rank's set of "Ferry to Hongkong."

It concerned, so he said, the late Cecil DeMille who was bent upon making the biggest animal picture ever.

This involved going on location to Africa, and setting fire to a stretch of forest, the object being to get the animals to stampede and leap in terror over a precipice.

DeMille, realising that this could be photographed only once, took no risks.

He placed No. 1 camera to the left of the scene; No. 2 camera to the right. The animals, the extraordinary caution by having a third camera away in front on a high hill where it focussed on the scene with a telephoto lens. Satisfied everything was ready, DeMille gave the order for the forest to be fired. Away went the animals, elephants, monkeys, crocodiles, snakes, and deer, all heading for the precipice like mad.

At last, when all the animals had leapt the precipice, DeMille gave the order to stop shooting. He called, "All right No. 1 camera!"

Back came the answer, "Sorry sir, no film in the camera."

"All right No. 2?"

"Sorry sir, piece of dust in the gate, the film got scratched."

DeMille picked up the amplifier and hauled the third camera away on the hill. "All right No. 3?"

No. 3 cameraman waved back excitedly, "We are ready, when you are."

The fact is, both DeMille and Goldwyn became legends of Hollywood comparatively early in their film careers.

Sam Goldwyn always seemed to pose as the illiterate type of film maker, for which he was himself responsible, yet he was by no means an uncultured man.

You have probably heard that when Goldwyn engaged Maurice Maeterlinck to work on a script in Hollywood, Sam is reputed to have placed a pencil in the internationally famous author's hand and said, "Now by the end of the day, I want to see it worn down to there."

The second one concerning the same author, after the latter's international success with his work concerning bees is, Sam Goldwyn came rushing out of his office screaming, "Maeterlinck's made the leading man a bee!"

And a third concerns the same two. Maeterlinck was about Hollywood's biggest flop as a writer, and Goldwyn saw him off. Naturally, the great artist was a trifle upset. Rumour has it

that Sam patted Maeterlinck on the shoulder and said, "Never mind, I don't doubt you'll do quite well in the future."

★ ★ ★

YOU can take it from me that "Perfect Furlough" now showing at the Lee and Astor is one of the best laughs to hit this man's town for many a long day.

It has everything. Good photography, good acting, and above all, a good script. The set-up is as usual in a film of this kind. A unit of sex hungry soldiers isolated in some Arctic base.

The suggestion is that one man be given a furlough where he can choose, and the others will work off their inhibitions by proxy.

Listen to the script in reference to Tony Curtis, the lucky winner.

King Donovan (Major) to Janet Leigh (Army psychologist and Lieut.) "He seems cooperative."

Janet: doubtfully. "Yes."

Major: "He seems sincere."

Janet: "Yes."

Major: "Do you trust him?"

Janet: "No."

The film has you laughing all the way as a movie actress, Linda Cristal is thrown in with the prize furlough.

The riot commences when Linda Cristal announces she is going to have a baby Hollywood holding the Army (through Tony Curtis) responsible.

The performance given by Janet Leigh as the cool calculating Freudian psychologist seems to me the best she has given yet, especially when he gives her a "bombshell."

Tony Curtis as the G.I. on the spree who finds himself more or less in a luxury detention camp, gives a sparkling performance, better when he plays it straight as his sorely tried patience gives out.

Linda Cristal, the supposed South American "bombshell" movie star comes along with not only an attractive personality but a lively portrayal which sells all "bombshells."

You can write it down as a cert. It is a good laugh for grown-ups. The kind of film you say "takes you out of yourself."

★ ★ ★

MY one comment on Brigitte Bardot, known as B.B. pronounced Bey Bey, is that we are seeing too much of her. Not in the personal sense, of course, although she closely rivals Jane of Dailly Mirror fame in finding situations for losing her clothes, if not her honour.

"The Night Heaven Fell," CinemaScope and B.B. in sequins, panties only, dress torn revealing neck and spine, a tumble in the dust, and a stand up fight with Stephen Boyd.

In fact, on the rare occasions she appears fully clothed, you wonder who the actress is. In situations of this kind, you wonder why they bother about a plot, for the whole film is little more than a medium to display Miss Bardot to the fullest advantage.

Nevertheless, the film has a plot, for it is taken from the novel, "The Moonlight Jewellers," by Albert Vidalie.

"The Night Heaven Fell," now showing at the Lee and Astor is directed by Roger J. Levy, the same team that crashed B.B. into the limelight with, "And God Created Woman."

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Hoover and Paramount, is an exciting underwater piece of violence, which sends Glenn Ford and Ernest Borgnine into Japanese Harbours during World War II.

As I remember it, the two really exhilarating scenes are, when the submarine blasts its way through a net; and when the Japanese use a ship carrying American nationals as a screen for their capital ships.

What Glenn Ford has to do is to fire his torpedoes to just miss the passenger ship and score a bull's eye on the warship.

The film is well made for this kind of situation. "Enemy Below" obviously invites comparison, and I think most people would answer that the

first film on the scene steals the situation.

I enjoyed it. The situation between men at sea and women left behind in the Pacific stations is cleverly done by illustrating the men's thoughts.

Ford is thinking of life being pleasant before the war came. The camera takes over and you are right out of the submarine with his thoughts.

Nothing new about it, of course, but as I said, it is well done.

Definitely more a man's film than a woman's, even the romance is looked at through a man's eyes.

The water tank takes over for the submarine manoeuvre shots, and there is a trifle bit of clumsy work there.

Diane Brewster and Dean Jones co-star in this colourful and exciting episode of World War II.

NEW FILMS AT A GLANCE

SHOWING

HOOVER & PARAMOUNT: "TORPEDO RUN" Glenn Ford and Ernest Borgnine in a CinemaScope and Metrocolor submarine drama of World War II. Co-starring are Diane Brewster and Dean Jones.

STAR & METROPOLE: "The Vikings" Technicolor and Technicolor romance of the Viking raids on British shores. Extremely well made with storming scenes shown with vivid realism. Kirk Douglas, Tony Curtis, Ernest Borgnine, and Janet Leigh.

ROXY & BROADWAY: "The Inn of the Sixth Happiness" Ingrid Bergman, Carl Jurgens, and Robert Donat. A compelling and beautiful tale based upon

true incidents in the life of Gladys Aylward, a London girl who went to China as a missionary. CinemaScope and Colour by De Luxe.

KING'S & PRINCESS: "The Night Heaven Fell" Brigitte Bardot in a CinemaScope and Eastmancolor version of B.B. surrounding it is a tale of feudal lust and feudal revenge, but the film is all B.B. in her usual poses. Also in film are new-comer Stephen Boyd and Alida Valli.

LEE & ASTOR: "The Perfect Furlough" CinemaScope and Eastmancolor light-hearted farcical frolic in Gay Paree. Tony Curtis, Janet Leigh, and Keenan Wynn, Elaine Stritch, and Linda Cristal.

COMING

HOOVER & GAI: "G.I. Girl" New musical MGM romance, hailed as "the 'My Fair Lady' of the film world. CinemaScope and Metrocolor. Leslie Caron, Maurice Chevalier, Louis Jourdan.

STAR & METROPOLE: "The Defiant Ones" Probably the greatest film of 1958. Hollywood's attack on the filth racial war. Johnnie (Tony Curtis) and Cullen (Sidney Poitier).

ROXY & BROADWAY: "The Roots of Heaven" Unusual and provocative piece of entertainment

about an Englishman's obsession for preserving wild elephant herds. Errol Flynn; Trevor Howard; and Juliette Greco. CinemaScope and Colour.

KING'S & PRINCESS: "The Last Hurrah" An American film surrounding elections and the Irish vote. Chiefly noticeable for performance of Spencer Tracy. Also Jeffrey Hunter.

LEE & ASTOR: "Stage Struck" starring Henry Fonda and Susan Strasberg in first major feature of New York's theatre world. Big Screen and Technicolor.

HOOVER & PARAMOUNT

TEL: 72371 TEL: 54530

To-day At 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 & 9.30 p.m.

(TO-MORROW 5 SHOWS AT THE HOOVER)

The Greatest Submarine Picture!



Special Matinee To-morrow At Reduced Admission

Paramount Theatre Gary Cooper & Ruth Roman in

At 10.15 a.m. "DALLAS"

CAPITOL

2.30, 5.30, 7.30 and 9.30 p.m.



TO-MORROW MORNING SHOW AT 11.00 A.M.

LATEST FOX TECHNICOLOR CARTOONS PROGRAMME

AT 10.30 A.M. "MELBOURNE RENDEZ-VOUS"

AT 12.30 P.M. "FORCE OF ARMS"

Lee Astor

TEL: 72436 (BOOKING OFFICE) TEL: 61777

OPENING TO-DAY

4 SHOWS AT 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 & 9.30 P.M.



LEE: Morning Show To-morrow at 11.00 a.m.

WALT DISNEY'S TECHNICOLOR CARTOONS

AT 12.30 P.M.

A & C MEET THE CAPTAIN KID

ROXY & BROADWAY

2ND SENSATIONAL WEEK
NOW SHOWING THE 8th DAYOwing to length of picture please note SPECIAL times:
3 SHOWS DAILY At 2.30, 6.00 & 9.00 P.M.NO GREATER LOVE STORY WAS EVER FILMED
OF COURAGE AND DEVOTION!

ROXY & BROADWAY: 4 Shows To-morrow

At 12.00 Noon, 3.00, 6.00 & 9.00 p.m.

BROADWAY: To-morrow Special Morning Show

At 11.00 a.m. UNIVERSAL TECHNICOLOR CARTOONS

AT REDUCED PRICES

ORIENTAL MAJESTIC

AIR CONDITIONED

SHOWING TO-DAY

At 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 & 9.30 P.M.

2 Solid hours of wonderful fun and laughter!

Very Good Entertainment!



Morning Show To-morrow 12.30

"BOMBERS B-52"

"BLOWING WILD"

STAGE CLUB

Present

"CRIME PASSIONNEL"

By

BARTHE

At

LOKE YEW HALL

HONG KONG UNIVERSITY

TODAY & 8.00 P.M.

Box Office 31.7000

HIGHLIGHTS FROM THE SATURDAY MAIL FOREIGN AND COMMONWEALTH NEWS DESK

Madelaine, The Child Poet, Said

Why Are 'Sang-Sang' Oranges SO RED?

A GROUP of foreign journalists began an investigation here to find out who really puts the blood into Sicily's famous "blood oranges."

Sicilians say the deep red colouring of their "sang-sang" or "sanguinello" oranges is the work of God. They say they are pretty tired of foreigners accusing them of injecting colouring into their oranges to make them look more blood-like.

Before the Second World War, British, French and Swiss magazines and newspapers accused Sicilians of adulterating their oranges. The latest accusation was recently published in a Hamburg daily (Das Bild).

Main Reason

The last blast was the main reason why the Italian government, through the local institute of foreign commerce, sponsored the visit here of 15 West German journalists to investigate.

The 15 journalists started on their tour with a visit to the great sweeping orange groves on the slopes of the volcano of Mount Etna.

This best and largest blood oranges of Sicily are produced on these slopes. Trees grow as high as 800 feet above sea level.

The journalists will stay about two days in the Mount Etna groves and then move on to the famous Conca D'oro orange and lemon groves.

They will be allowed to do whatever they want with the oranges, said a Catania Chamber of Commerce official.

The Secret

He said they can pick ripe and partly ripe blood oranges right off the trees.

The visiting journalists will not reveal what plans they have thought up to discover the secret of the "Sanguinello" oranges.

A local reporter said he believed they were armed with a microscope and they intended to explore the skin of the oranges to find out if they have any holes which could have been made by hypodermic needles.

Local editor Pietro Nicolosi suggested the visitors study up on the island's climate and how the lava-rich soil of Mount Etna makes all the fruit here grow in rich and juicy quality.

Know-How

He said Sicily has the best climate in the world and it was Cicero who first wrote that the island was the place where you grew the best of everything.

"Sicilians just know how to grow things," said Nicolosi, "especially blood oranges."

He said Sicilians have been irrigating their orange groves from the time of the Romans more than 2,000 years ago.

"On Mount Etna alone there are more than 200 electric and steam pumps trickling water continually to the orange trees high up on the volcano," he said, "and with this water plus the local soil its no wonder we have beautiful rich blood-red oranges."—U.P.I.

CHINCHILLA RABBIT RACKET ATTACKED

London. CONSERVATIVE Member of Parliament T. L. Iremonger charged that a "chinchilla rabbit racket" was operating in Britain.

He asked the Parliamentary Secretary of the Board of Trade in the House of Commons to take steps to beat the racket in order to protect the bona-fide chinchilla breeder. He admitted that only 500 pairs were sold in Britain last year.

"The racket is this," he explained. "Many current advertisements suggest that an investor who breeds chinchilla rabbits for £200 will soon reap a large return."

'I Am About To Die'

By
HUGH MORAN

London. SUDDENLY the sparkles left the life and poems of Madelaine Jennings. Instead she spoke and wrote of death.

For Madelaine, only ten years old and already a gifted poet, had a strange premonition: that she was dying.

The little fair-haired schoolgirl used to sit in her home in Valley Road, Nottingham, writing about the beauties of nature.

The Dream

Some of her poems were very good. One was broadcast and the BBC still has two others they intended to use. Everything pointed towards a brilliant future. Then a few weeks ago Madelaine's mood changed. It was then that she began writing and talking of her own death.

Mr and Mrs Roy Jennings were puzzled and shocked by the behaviour of the daughter they had adopted as a baby.

One morning recently she walked into their bedroom. Calmly she said: "Mummy, I can't get my breath. I think I am going to die."

An hour later Madelaine was dead. Now all the joy that was Madelaine had gone from the Jennings' home and the only memorial of the child poet were two dog-eared exercise books filled with verses written in a childish hand.

Poems like: At night when I go to bed, / Fairies flutter round my head. / In the morning when I wake up, / I might find a fairy's cup. / To me, it seemed, that I had dreamed.

"Yes, she was a dreamer," said Mrs Jennings. "But just as often she was bright and smiling and tremendously alive." "She began writing when she was six, and gradually filled an inch-thick exercise book with her poems."

Under the Sea "Usually it took her about ten minutes to dash one off, and sometimes she wrote them in the oddest of places around the house and in the garden."

When the BBC broadcast one of her poems an official wrote to Mrs Jennings congratulating her on Madelaine's command of metre.

"When I told Madelaine," said Mrs Jennings, "she just asked, 'What's metre, Mummy?'" Perhaps Madelaine did not know what poetic metre was, but she could still create refreshing starlings like those in her poems.

Under the sea are mossy beds, / Where sea flowers show their pretty heads. / And moving creatures in the water gleam, like glow-worms do in the grass by the stream.

The fishes are swimming gaily along and above swallows sing their lovely sea song. / The mighty waves battle overhead, and joy is life on the sea bed.

Madelaine wrote that when she was nine, / But something made her think of death. / Her parents tried to



A DREAMER, SAYS HER MOTHER

put the macabre thought out of her mind, but Madelaine wrote no more thinking nature pieces.

Natural gift

Her father said: "Everyone agreed that Madelaine's poems were very good. You would have thought they were written by a girl twice her age. But she never studied 'other poets' works."

Madelaine's headmistress, Miss F. I. Smith, of Seely School, Nottingham, said: "She was a good scholar and had a marvellous natural gift for poetry. 'I have an exercise book of her poems which she gave to me. I will treasure it all my life.'"

So Madelaine is dead. The Nottingham coroner said that she died from "an acute and rather rare throat infection." But no one could explain Madelaine's premonition.

HE OUTDID THE SCOT BUT LOST THE FIGHT

Edinburgh. AN Englishman failed to outwit a Scot and lost the battle of Tweed-River last week.

Back in June 1957, the Englishman, J. A. Billmeir, tried to outdo his Scottish neighbour, I. M. Campbell, across the River Tweed, by altering part of the river bed to attract the salmon to his side of the bank.

The jealous salmon-fishers took the case to court. Lord Walker, judge of the Edinburgh Court, ruled that the Englishman had "adversely affected the Scot's fishing by removing gravel from the river bed."

Billmeir, the judge said, "infringed the Scot's interest in maintaining the normal course of the River Tweed which continues to divide England from Scotland."—U.P.I.

Difficult Flight

Chicago. EMPLOYEES of a major Chicago department store smiled benignly as they watched a seven-year-old boy doggedly manoeuvre a tri-cycle down three flights of escalators, stairs and out the main floor entrance.

Sea Captain's Cellar Rides On Water

Amsterdam. FLOATING basements, nine-foot tall women, 500-pound men! Sounds like the product of a science-fiction writer's imagination, but they are all facts out of history stored in a museum in the tiny village of Edam, only 14 miles from Amsterdam.

Edam is typical of Europe's many historic treasures—quiet, out-of-the-way places waiting to be discovered by the enterprising traveller.

CHEESE BALLS

Today Edam is renowned for its world-famous cheese—little red cannon balls that earn a livelihood for most of the town's 13,000 inhabitants. But the tiny community's greatest tourist magnet is a museum, originally the 16th Century home of a rich retired ship's captain who must have retained a nostalgic longing for the sea. His chief eccentricity is expressed in the cellar of his house, which is unique because it floats on water and has porches in the walls.

The house has also had some weird inhabitants during the last century. You can see them in the picture gallery on the main floor. There was Dirk Pieterzoon, deemed well worthy of a picture, for he was the proud owner of a beard which reached down to his local. He climbed back up again, and finally came to rest on his shoulders.

Then there was the fat landlord of Gentleman's Inn. This character, according to the inscription on the painting, weighed over 500 pounds at the age of 42, and felt just fine that way.

NINE-FOOT TALL

Another no less interesting person was a teenage girl by the name of Trijn Kover. Even the dimensions of her house, she must have gone about her daily chores doubled, or even tripled up, for Trijn, at the tender age of 17, measured just under nine feet tall in her stocking feet. Next to her painting is one of her shoes, sometimes mistaken for a butter can, put there to convince an unbelieving posterity.

Agnet from the museum, Edam, in a rooming house of Old World charm and antique throughout. It looks like a Hollywood set for a 17th Century movie. Only it's real. Very elegant houses, some of them, each other, and out the main floor entrance.

bridges span the canals, and there's a wonderful, quiet little market place. All these attractions have remained unchanged by time for the past 200 years. It's as if a fairy queen had touched the town with her wand and said: "Stay as you are until I call you again."

INTRODUCES NEW PLANE WITH A CHA CHAI

London. SCANDINAVIAN Airlines offered a new wrinkle in sales promotion—a cha cha candidate for the hit parade to introduce their new twin-jet French Caravelle transport which goes into service soon.

The song was performed for the first time at a mammoth party Sas gave to travel agents and to representatives of Swiss Air with which it has an agreement on sharing of jet planes.

SALES PARTY

The cha cha is about a piano solo and for the purpose of the sales party, the lyric was slightly adapted to read: "Voldi la Caravelle, 'She is our latest belle, 'You can't afford this lovely delectable, 'She'll make a hit all right, 'And you will start to-night."

Sas announced at the party that it would begin jet operation from Europe to the mid-west in three months and would have the most complete short, and medium range jet network of any airline.—U.P.I.

American Craze For Antiques

London. THE American craze for antiques is causing a boom in the big London auction houses which specialise in putting them up for sale.

American purchases of antiques, particularly the most expensive pieces, have doubled the business of one of London's biggest auction houses in the past year and caused it to begin this year's sales a week early.

Startled

Sotheby's, one of two huge auction houses in the city, began its auction on January 9. Previous sales at the 115-year-old firm have shocked the man in the street who was startled recently when a 31-inch high porcelain pelican sold for £2,200.

Sotheby's sales have shocked more than just the British man in the street. Last October seven impressionist paintings sold for £781,000.

In December a brace of Louis XVI mahogany comodes sold for £6,100.

The 1959 sales at Sotheby's are beginning a week early because of the big increase in the number of works of art, books and other valuable property of all kinds sent to Sotheby's for the sale.

Spread Out

For decades London's big auction houses passed unnoticed as the trend of antique-buying began to warm up. The auction house boasts that nothing it auctions is less than 100 years old.

A spokesman at the auction house said it took 115 years to achieve this identity. So many buyers attend the auctions today that they are spread around the building in rooms equipped with loudspeakers.—U.P.I.

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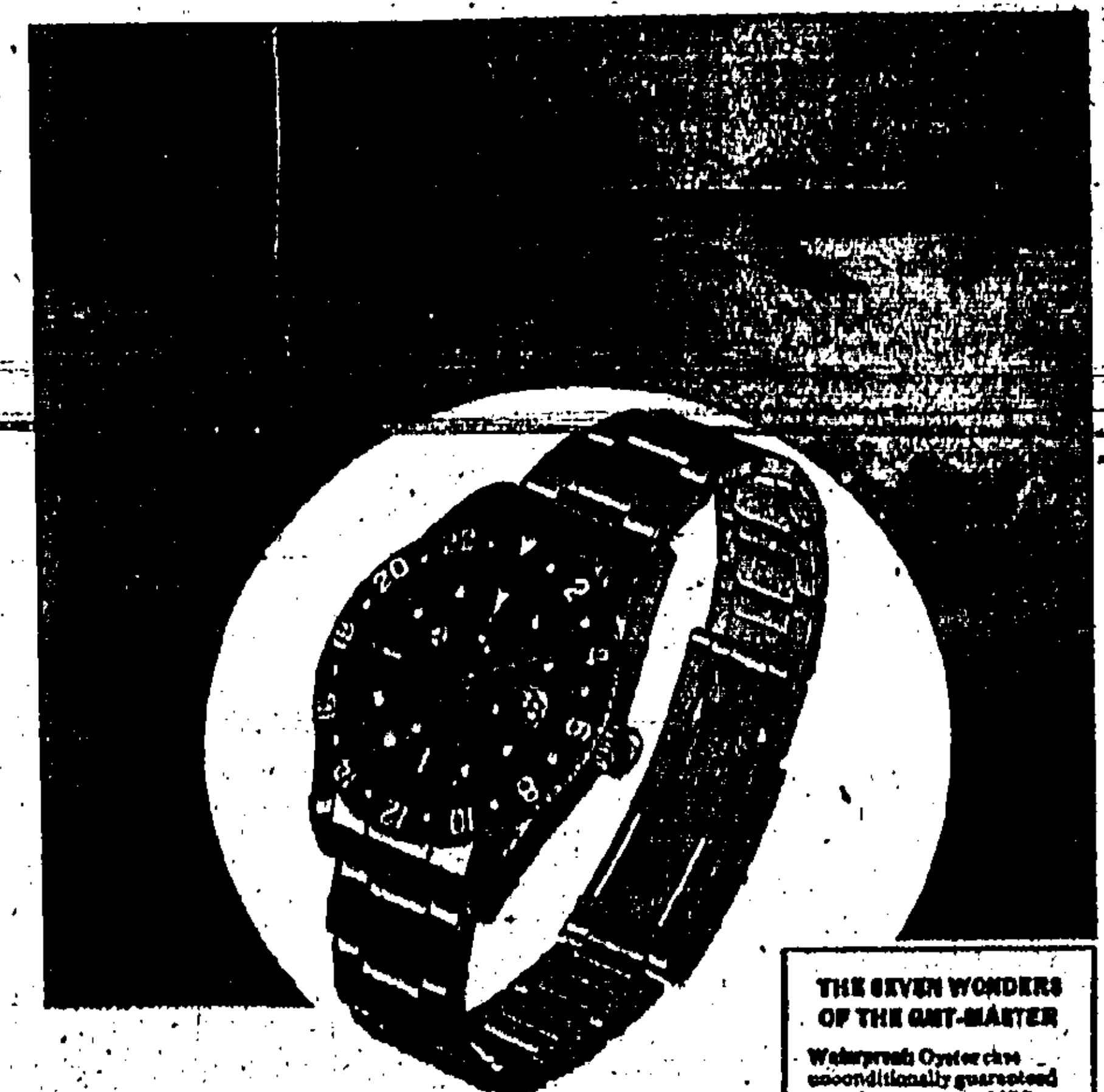
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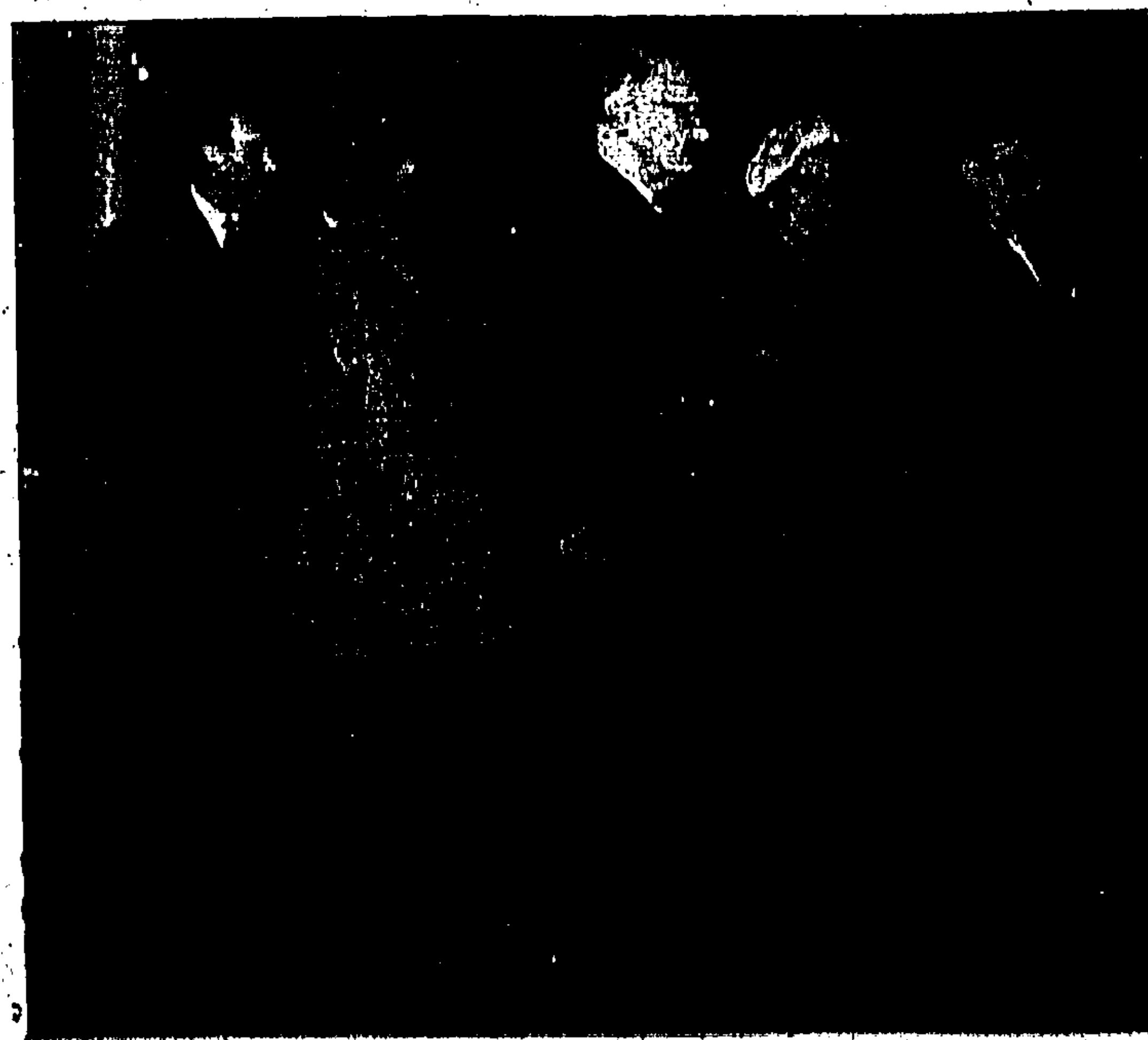
ABOVE: Greek Foreign Minister Evangelos Averoff (right) and his Turkish opposite number Zorlu, co-creators of the Cyprus plan hailed by most of London's Press recently as heralding a peaceful solution to the struggle which has cost over 500 lives, 142 of them British, flow into London recently from Zurich to present their plan to the British government.

★

RIGHT: Puzzle for the guests at the recent gala Opera Ball at the Dorchester was set by a tall, black-gowned figure in a white Victorian bonnet. To the initiate the character portrayed was easy—Princess Lakmo's governess in Dolibes' opera "Lakmo"—but it was harder to work out who was underneath. First clue was the fact that on close inspection the governess seemed to be—and was—wearing men's shoes; and the give-away was the fact that there as Princess Lakmo herself was the Countess of Harwood—the mystery figure was her music-loving husband.

★

BELOW: Recently the Duchess of Kent and Princess Alexandra flew from London Airport for Mexico City, and the first, eight-day, stage of their Latin American goodwill tour.



ABOVE: Dr Otto John, participant in the 1944 bomb plot against Hitler, while a member of the British intelligence service, and former chief of West German security, was forbidden to land when he arrived at Dover to visit his Hampstead, London, domiciled wife—presumably because of his 1955 conviction for treason after an 18-month disappearance into the East zone. He spent the night on board the steamer, was then taken, for breakfast to a police cell on Dover Marine station. There his wife tried to phone him, but he was not allowed to take the call. Finally he went back to Ostend, saying: "This is a continuation of the persecution of me and my wife. . . . In Germany I am regarded by some as a British agent. Here I seem to be considered a Communist. . . . At the moment I want to stay in Germany and fight for a retrial."

★ ★ ★

BELOW: Self-effacing lover of the quiet life—Alec Guinness, world-famous as a versatile character actor, and Oscar-winner with "The Bridge on a River Kwai", was awarded a knighthood in the New Year's Honours List. Recently he received the accolade from the Queen which makes him officially Sir Alec. He is seen here with his wife and son.



ABOVE: Sidney Bradford is 53. For all but the first ten months of his life he has been completely blind. Now, suddenly, two corneal grafting operations in London have restored his sight; and after half a century of darkness he is for the first time walking in the light.

Here, surrounded—and crowned—by Trafalgar Square's pigeons, Sidney takes his first look at London.

★

LEFT: British actress Mara Lane—according to some an answer to Marilyn Monroe—recently disclosed, very unofficially, her engagement to wealthy Gunther Sax von Opel, 26, a member of the car family. On holiday with him at St Moritz she said: "There will be no official announcement of our engagement for some time. His wife died only six months ago." She has an engagement ring, but doesn't wear it on her engagement finger. She is 27.

★

BELOW: Recently, the 2,084th performance of "The Boy Friend" at Wyndham's Theatre finally brought an end to the longest run of any post-war musical in London—and the fourth longest of any London production ever. (The others, in order: the between-the-wars revue "Co-Optimists", the Agatha Christie whodunit "The Mousetrap", and the first world war musical "Chu Chin Chow".) The cast linked hands with the audience across the footlights and sang Auld Lang Syne. They are to start a provincial tour at Hull.



NANCY



By Ernie Bushmiller



A TEA TIME TREAT

BRIAN GARDNER reports from the two different worlds they call BERLIN

Saxophones play on, but the joy is forced now

THERE never was a city like Berlin. Great powers squabble for it, not because they particularly want it for itself but because it is a vital pawn in the chess-board of the world's strategy. Neither side is likely to give way.

What is it like to live not on, but in, a keg of dynamite? At the moment it is covered in a thin wafer of snow. From the window of my hotel room, seven floors up, the distant parts of the city are surrounded in mist.

I am looking out over East Berlin, across the Iron Curtain. I have just returned from the land of Big Brother. After a passport check from the police, I drove through the streets. It is incredible 14 years after the war to see the ruins of East Berlin.

There seems to be no end to the craggy walls, the shells of houses and the ruins. Here and there a curtain in a window, where someone lives on in an otherwise deserted house. There is hardly any traffic. The shops are shoddy, the

clothes are dull and colourless. But there seems to be plenty of food. A few men with briefcases hurry along the pavements. Police and Russian troops stand by the Government buildings.

Hillier's bunker, now only a few crazy angled blocks of concrete, is behind a wire fence, lonely and deserted. Not a soul is to be seen.

Herbert Gundlach, a West Berliner, who fought against the Russians on the Eastern Front, was with me. He showed me Gochbels's old propaganda headquarters.

"Now it is used by the East German authorities for the same purpose," he said. "The same building, different people. Down the Unter den Linden are the wrecked remains of what was once a nation that set out to conquer the world."

The cliffs

Behind this nightmare city is Stalinallee. A massive canyon of a street built in the Russian style, this is the show place of East Germany. White concrete buildings stretch like cliffs on either side of the street.

Back in the ruins there stands one of the saddest sights in Europe. The Adlon Hotel, once one of the greatest hotels of the world.

Now all that remains is one wing attached to a ghostly skeleton. We went through what was once the tradesmen's entrance, now the main door. Before the war Herr Gundlach was a bell-boy here.

"All the aristocracy stayed here," he said. "The maharajahs from India came with all their servants. Nowadays the hotel is used mainly by delegations from China and Russia. I do not recognise the place now."

We hung our coats on the stand in the dining-room. There were about 10 tables. Only one of the original staff remains. When the Russians entered Berlin, all the other members of the staff were sent home with two bottles of wine each.

Practically everything was looted. Except the mattresses. It is said they are still the best in Berlin.

I had a bottle of Czech beer in the hotel. It cost about 4s. And it was like drinking in a morgue.

Back into West Berlin, and a different world. Here is a microcosm of world politics. "The East Germans can visit here any time," said Herr Gundlach.

Propaganda

"They have eyes, they can see. This is a great propaganda centre. That is why the Russians want it so badly."

Here a modern city is rising from the ruins. Immense blocks of flats, banks, and business buildings line the streets. Nearly 100,000 people are connected with the building industry. Buildings like Le Corbusier's, 17-storey block of flats—the "living machine" as it is called here—are as modern as any in the world.

And everyone seems prosperous. The restaurants and the night clubs are doing a roaring trade. But there is a sense of unease

and forced gaiety. The nudes have frozen smiles, and the bands play out of tune in awful desperation. Everyone is waiting. Godel seems to be just around the corner.

While Dulles ponders, and Khrushchev plans, the saxophones of Berlin play on. Enormous stock-piles of fuel and food are stored in the city, in case of another blockade.

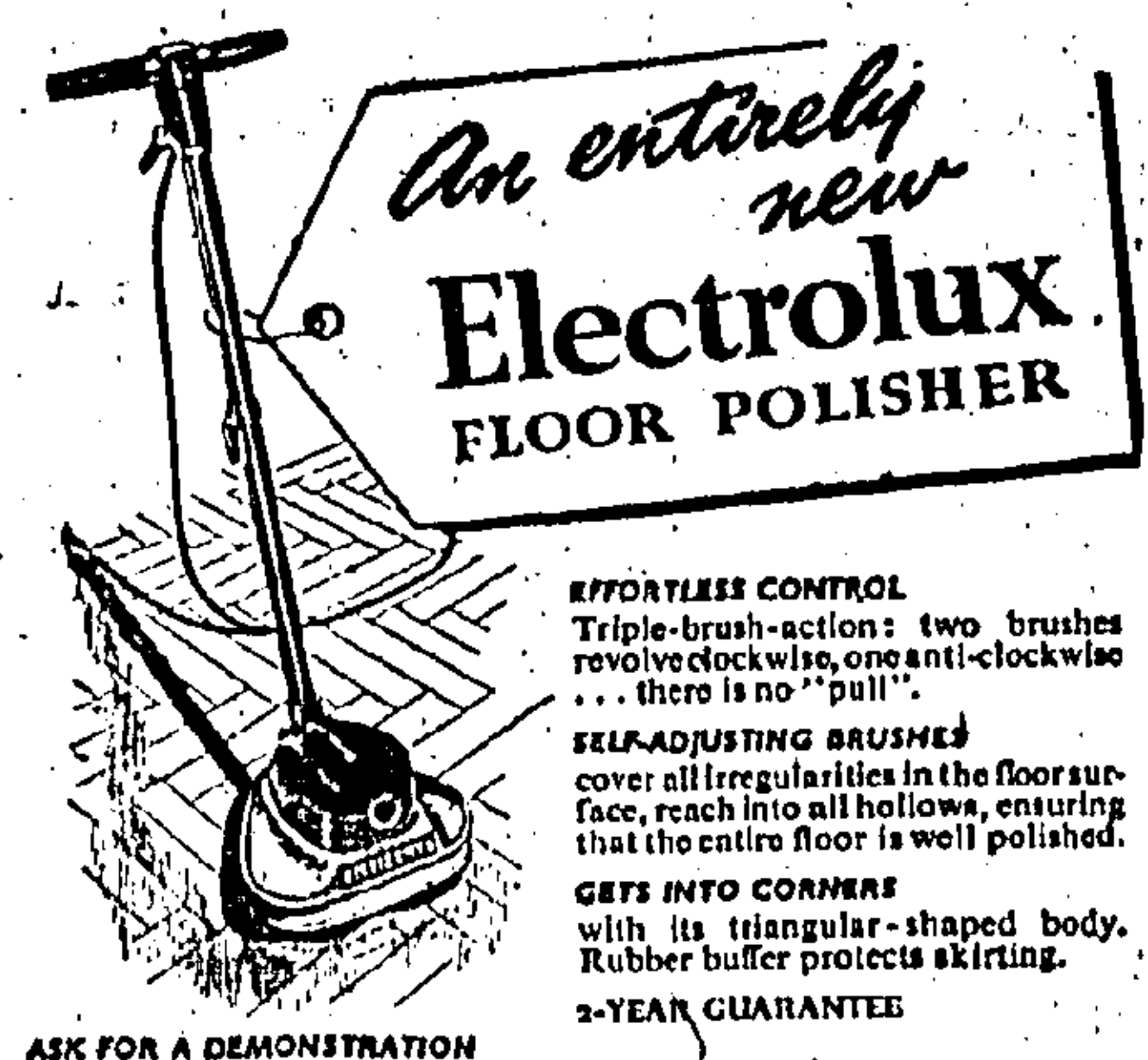
Why do people stay? "It is our home," said Herr Gundlach.

"The population is down 750,000 on pre-war days, but Berlin is still the home of nearly 3,600,000 people."

I went down the Autobahn to the last checkpoint before East Germany. Police with revolvers stood around in groups.

Trucks and cars stopped at the checkpoint and then disappeared down the road on their controlled drive to the West.

It was cold and I turned up the collar of my overcoat. There was a cold wind blowing from the East.



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THE SCANDAL OF THURSO

THURSO (population 3,582) clings to the storm-riven north coast of Scotland. Peopled by descendants of the Vikings who swept in their long ships across the North Sea, it is a quiet little town, a place apart.

Then suddenly Thurso became the centre of a scandal recently which the more dramatically-minded were saying could develop into another "Winslow Boy" case.

"The Winslow Boy" was the Rattigan-dramatised version of a famous true case. In it, a middle-class man runs the gamut of the judiciary and the legislature to prove that his son has been falsely accused of being a sneak-thief.

The Thurso story starts one night in a cafe. One of the customers is a 16-year-old youth of "excellent character." Enter two policemen who want to talk to Waters about his behaviour. Exactly why, is not clear. But, anyway, they have their interview and as they are leaving Waters notices that somehow during the "talk" his coat has been torn. He runs after the police officers to complain. The police officers lead him into a darkened alley.

When next Waters is seen he is bruised and bleeding.

Seventeen witnesses, including a doctor, testify to these facts. What happened in that dark alley? John Waters swears he was beaten up by the policemen. The police remain silent. Waters' father, like the Winslow Boy's father, has vowed to spend his last penny to get justice for his son. But the Lord

PETER BURGOYNE'S
News From Britain

Advocate, who handles such matters for the government in Scotland, has said there is not enough evidence to justify an inquiry. That may have satisfied the government. But it has not satisfied the House of Commons.

And recently M.P.s of all parties angrily demanded an inquiry by the government. They were turned down. But they made it abundantly plain that the Waters case is far from finished.

In a country where the police keep their hands to themselves, any suggestion that they have roughed up a citizen can hardly be blown up into major scandal—particularly so if there is the slightest excuse for whispering that the government is trying to hush it up.

Weapon For The Left

THE Waters case could add a devastating weapon to the Socialist's electoral arsenal, but it is plain that they will rely mainly on rising unemployment figures to attack the Conservatives.

Recently the Labourite "Daily Herald" used the most impres-

sive type it could find to splash the figure "621,000" across its front page. These were the figures given a few hours earlier in Parliament by the Minister of Labour as the number of unemployed in Britain at mid-January.

They were, said the "Herald", "The Grim Reaper Total for 19 Years". A couple of paragraphs further down they conceded that this figure had been well topped during the 1947 fuel crisis. At that time a Labour government was in office.

That, however, does not detract from the seriousness of the problem facing the government. A problem they are going to have to solve before they dare go to the country.

The Causes

A DIVORCE Court Judge recently defined the main causes behind Britain's broken marriages. The judge, Mr Justice Karmilsky said that these were ignorance of sex and money matters, lack of religion—and mothers-in-law.

He told welfare workers in London: "Many people go into marriage not only without sexual experience but without even rudimentary knowledge."

He added quickly: "I am not saying that to have sexual experience is a good thing, but must draw a line of distinction between innocence and ignorance."

Hope

FROM Broadmoor, the most dreaded name in Britain, recently came a ray of hope. Broadmoor is the prison where the worst of Britain's insane criminals are kept. Many of the inmates are violent killers who have to be constantly watched.

Recently, Broadmoor's medical superintendent selected 100 of the 800 inmates for tests with new super-tranquilliser drugs. And this week the Ministry of Health revealed that results had been "most promising."

Behind this cautious summing-up lay a story of almost 100 per cent success. Violent murderers had been transformed into passive, rational people.

The big question now is how effective will these British drugs be in the long run?

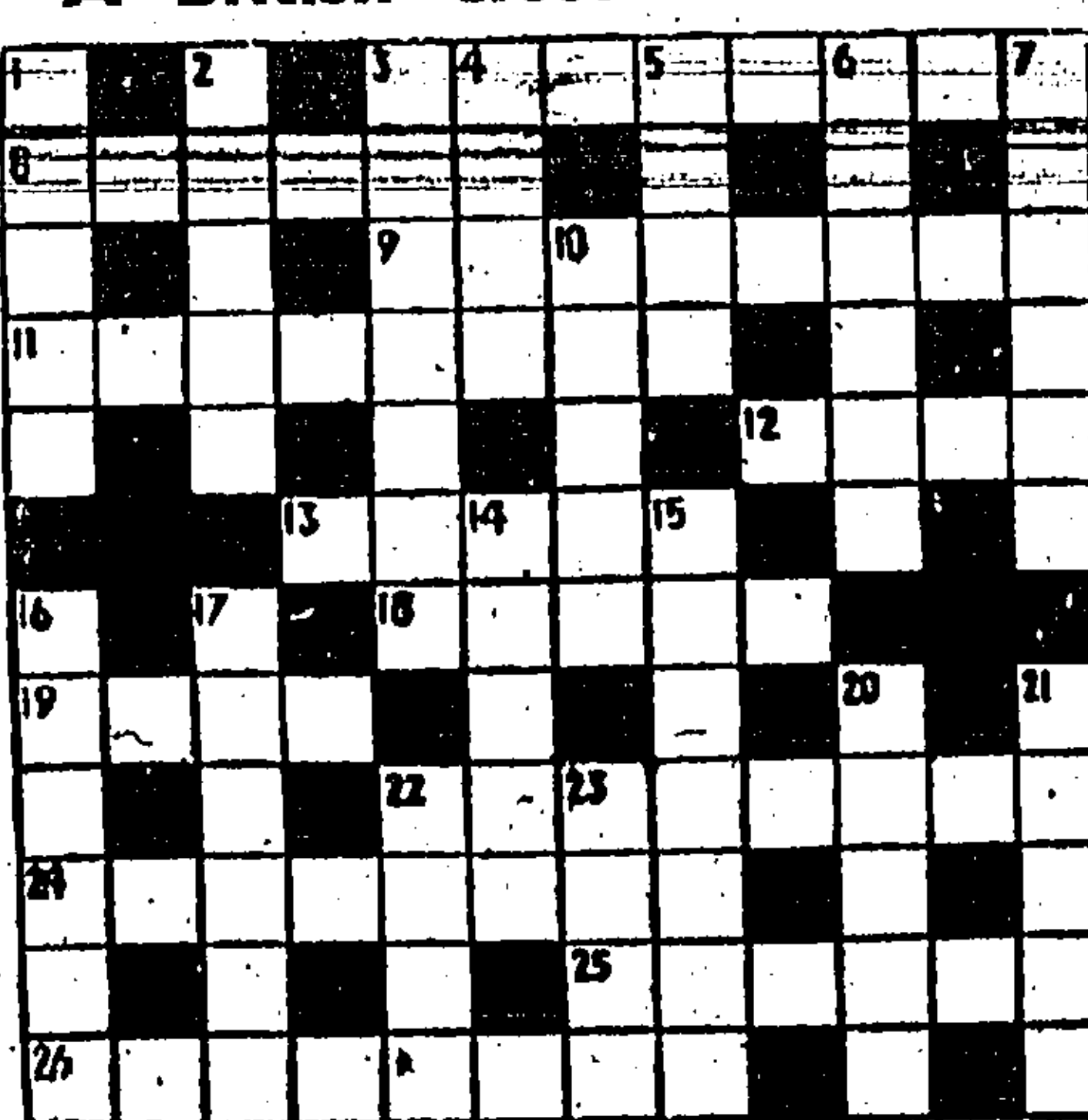
Dr Oswald explained: "People think of sleep as lying down like a log and going off for eight hours. But it may mean sleeping for only two seconds at a time."

Some of his human guinea-pigs showed signs of light sleep for a minute or more. Seemingly they went to sleep between beats, but continued to make rhythmic movements. They also began to breathe in time to the music.

This last, Dr Oswald, thought important. "My experiments show that because of the tendency to breathe in time to music people can breathe too fast and too hard... Over-breathing greatly reduces the blood flow to the brain and can seriously impair a person's consciousness."

How devastating to the ego of teenage rock 'n' roll! Adolescents think that their faces haven't really been swooning, but just falling asleep on their feet.

A British Crossword Puzzle



- ACROSS**
1. Saw briefly (8).
 2. Tolerate (6).
 3. Begs (6).
 4. Repeats (8).
 5. Fish (4).
 6. Change with (5).
 7. Carrying-chair (5).
 8. Not artificial (4).
 9. Travel document (8).
 10. Persuade (6).
 11. Assert (6).
 12. Legislators (8).
- DOWN**
1. Danger (5).
 2. Snake (5).
 3. Lubricates (7).
 4. Loosed (4).
 5. God of war (4).
 6. Sailor (6).
 7. Refrain from (6).
 8. Unenthusiastic (6).
 9. Commenced (5).
 10. Hanging ornaments (7).
 11. Pamphlets (6).
 12. Guts (6).
 13. Wanderer (5).
 14. Scatter (5).
 15. Liquid measure (4).
 16. Blemish (4).

FRIDAY'S CROSSWORD—Across: 3 Slippered, 7 Rogue, 8 Narratives, 10 Seldom, 13 Sliced, 15 Sire, 17 Noticed, 18 Defends, 20 Iris, 21 Scintilla, 22 Report, 27 Moderate, 28 Fleet, 29 Dressers. Down: 1 11 Either, 12 Deceit, 14 Desert, 15 Strip, 16 Recur, 18 Dimmed, 19 Fiddle, 22 Heels, 23 Oozed, 24 State, 25 Arms.

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3rd April will also be the arrival date in Hong Kong of BOAC's first trans-Pacific service. Inauguration of this new service means that you will be able to fly swiftly and effortlessly by jet-prop airliner, first to Tokyo, and then across the Pacific to Honolulu, San Francisco and New York—and on across the Atlantic, to London if you wish—on one aircraft all the way!

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The fleet that had to die

PART TWO of the drama that brought Britain and Russia to the brink of war

MUTINY...900 MEN RIOT IN A BATTLESHIP

THE Spanish port of Vigo was the first stop for the Russian fleet sailing round the world to do battle with the Japs in that strange war at the start of this century. The sun shone brightly, and the wide, smooth harbour looked peaceful and inviting.

The fleet arrived on October 24, 1904, 10 days after leaving the Baltic ports and six days after its blundering action with the British trawlers in the North Sea.

Five German colliers were waiting in fulfilment of the Russian Admiralty's contract with a German shipping line, and the C-in-C, Admiral Rozhdestvensky, gave orders for coaling to begin at once.

But the Spaniards adopted an attitude of strict, non-cooperative neutrality. Belligerent warships, they said, could remain in neutral waters only 24 hours.

There must be no replenishment of stores. Spanish Police-men boarded every ship to see that the regulations were not infringed.

Rozhdestvensky was furious. He issued orders for the colliers to come alongside to be ready to coal at a moment's notice. But the bunkers of his fleet remained empty.

Critical

That evening, when newspapers began to circulate among the fleet, the crews realised for the first time the immensity of the crisis they had created.

War with Britain seemed imminent. Would France and Germany remain neutral? It was reported that the admirals and commanders of every ship involved were to be tried

by court martial. At the very least the ironclad divisions were to be sent back to Reval.

The Continental newspapers were nearly as outraged as the British. "Monstrous" and "inexplicable," commented one German paper.

The situation appeared no less critical the following morning, and it was becoming obvious that the British Government was determined that the Russian battleships should in effect be retained in custody in port, with the Royal Navy on guard outside, until satisfaction was obtained.

But, by diligent diplomacy, Rozhdestvensky finally extricated

● Russia, at war with Japan, had lost one great fleet, destroyed in harbour. Now all Russia's hopes were pinned on her second fleet, sailing round the world from the Baltic to the Yellow Sea.

● This is a record of that 18,000 mile journey, which in its blundering grandeur has no parallel in sea warfare.

by **RICHARD HOUGH**

'Provoked'

"The incident of the North Sea," he insisted, "was provoked by two torpedo-boats which without showing any lights, under cover of darkness advanced to attack the vessel steaming at the head of the detachment."

When the detachment began to sweep the sea with its searchlights, and opened fire, the presence was also discovered of several small fishing vessels. The detachment endeavoured to spare these boats.

In the second telegram there was a conciliatory note. While suggesting that it was imprudent of "foreign" fishing vessels to involve themselves in this enterprise by enemy torpedo-boats, he begged "in the name of the whole fleet, to express our sincere regret for the unfortunate victims of circumstances in which no warship could, even in times of profound peace, have acted otherwise."

These widely publicised messages seemed momentarily to soften the Russian attitude. But the sudden passion in Britain was on the verge... two fishermen, one trawler!

Relief

After all, the Russians had exploded, admitted their mistake, the way was open to peace, and after a meeting of the British Cabinet on October 30, Mr Balfour, the Prime Minister, took the train to Southampton, where he was due to address the Local National Union Conservative Association.

All was well. The Russian Government, he said, had ordered the detention at Vigo of the units of the fleet concerned in the incident in order to discover which officers had been responsible.

An international commission was to be set up to investigate; the Russian Emperor had shown great wisdom.

The nation was visibly relieved. When, however, the Russian warships sailed on November 1, after putting ashore a few junior officers to meet the British demand for witnesses, it became clear that the Royal Navy was not yet done with the Russians.

All the way to Tangier the British cruisers made sport with the Russian battleships, darting ahead and crossing from port to starboard in beautifully executed movements.

At night their searchlights flickered on and off again, darting over the sea, passing first on one another and then on the Russian battleships in turn, plodding along without lights at nine knots, as if to reassure themselves that their prizes were still safe.

Humiliated

For a raw squadron that could scarcely maintain station in a flat calm on a steady course, it was hard to bear. "It's disgusting to treat us like this," a midshipman in the Oryol exclaimed angrily. "Following us about like criminals!"

The ultimate humiliation came early on the morning of December 2 when the steering gear of the battleship Oryol broke down and Rozhdestvensky had to halt the division while the flag-engineer was sent over to her and repairs were carried out.

As the British cruisers turned about and re-formed suspiciously to their rear in immaculate battle order, an officer standing beside Rozhdestvensky on the bridge of the flagship Suvoroff while they watched this re-deployment, was undisturbed enough to ask, "Do you admire this?"

Rozhdestvensky could bear it no longer; his carefully assumed indifference (until then he had done his best to ignore the provocative display) broke down, and half-sobbing he replied, "Those are real seamen. Oh, if only we..." And he broke off, walked swiftly across



The mutineers grabbed weapons. "Give us bread," they shouted.

the bridge, and disappeared down the ladder.

And so the fleet sailed on.

TANGIER, November 3

Here the Russians got one of their few genuine welcomes. The Sultan of Morocco was going to prove his disregard for power politics and Western opinion. He told the Russians they could stay as long as they liked.

But Rozhdestvensky was eager to get away and he now split his force into two sections. He sent two old battleships, three cruisers, and some destroyers through the Mediterranean to Suez. The main part of the fleet would make the journey round the Cape of Good Hope.

Nobody understood the reasoning behind this sudden change of plan. Perhaps he feared torpedo-boat attacks in the narrow confines of the Red Sea or for the safety of the old ironclads on the longer and rougher Cape trip.

At the little Portuguese harbour of GREAT FISH BAY the fleet took on more coal outside the three-mile limit; and then came the worst coaling battle of all, at the German port of ANGRA PEQUINA.

Here, although the Russian fleet was allowed in the harbour, the shelter was not as good as it appeared, and the wind increased to a full gale.

For two days Rozhdestvensky waited impatiently for it to blow itself out, then in desperation ordered up the colliers.

Rolling and pitching in the heavy sea, the coal ships struggled to come alongside, and time and again crunched against the hulls of the ironclads.

Lacking lighters, the crew then tried transporting the coal in the ships' launches.

These struggled incessantly from the colliers to the warships and back again with their filthy sandbags, the ironclads heaved at their moorings, and the wind blew day after day, whistling through the shrouds, scuffling up grey clouds of coal dust.

The squadron left African shores for the last time on December 17, steaming out awkwardly, loaded more heavily than ever before.

And in this condition the fleet ran into the worst weather of the whole voyage, a storm that sent huge waves breaking over the bridges of the battleships. The water rolled off the ships in a coal-blackened flood. Had they not been running before the wind there is little doubt that the top-heavy, over-loaded ships would have capsized.

GABON, November 26

This little French colony was without a telegraph, and therefore unaware of the international wrath the Russian fleet had brought upon itself.

For the first time in six weeks the officers and men could escape from the fifth camp, and over-pervading coal dust of their ships.

The officers strode ashore intent on exploration and a good time. They called on the king and found he was asleep in a

From "The Fleet That Had To Die" by Hensley Hensley, London.

grubby hut with one of his wives.

The next day the reception was more impressive, and he met them in ancient naval cocked hat, frock coat, loose necktie, starched cuffs, and ceremonial sword, lacking only shirt and trousers.

Surrounding him were his court ladies and wives, all stark naked; and by his side was the ancient queen dowager, who let down the tone by begging for money and demanding to be photographed arm-in-arm with her 72-year-old son.

The storm

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Madagascar, Dec.-March

In Madagascar, had news awaited Rozhdestvensky. Firstly the ships which he had sent through Suez, with orders to meet him at the port of Salaisse, had been intercepted by British

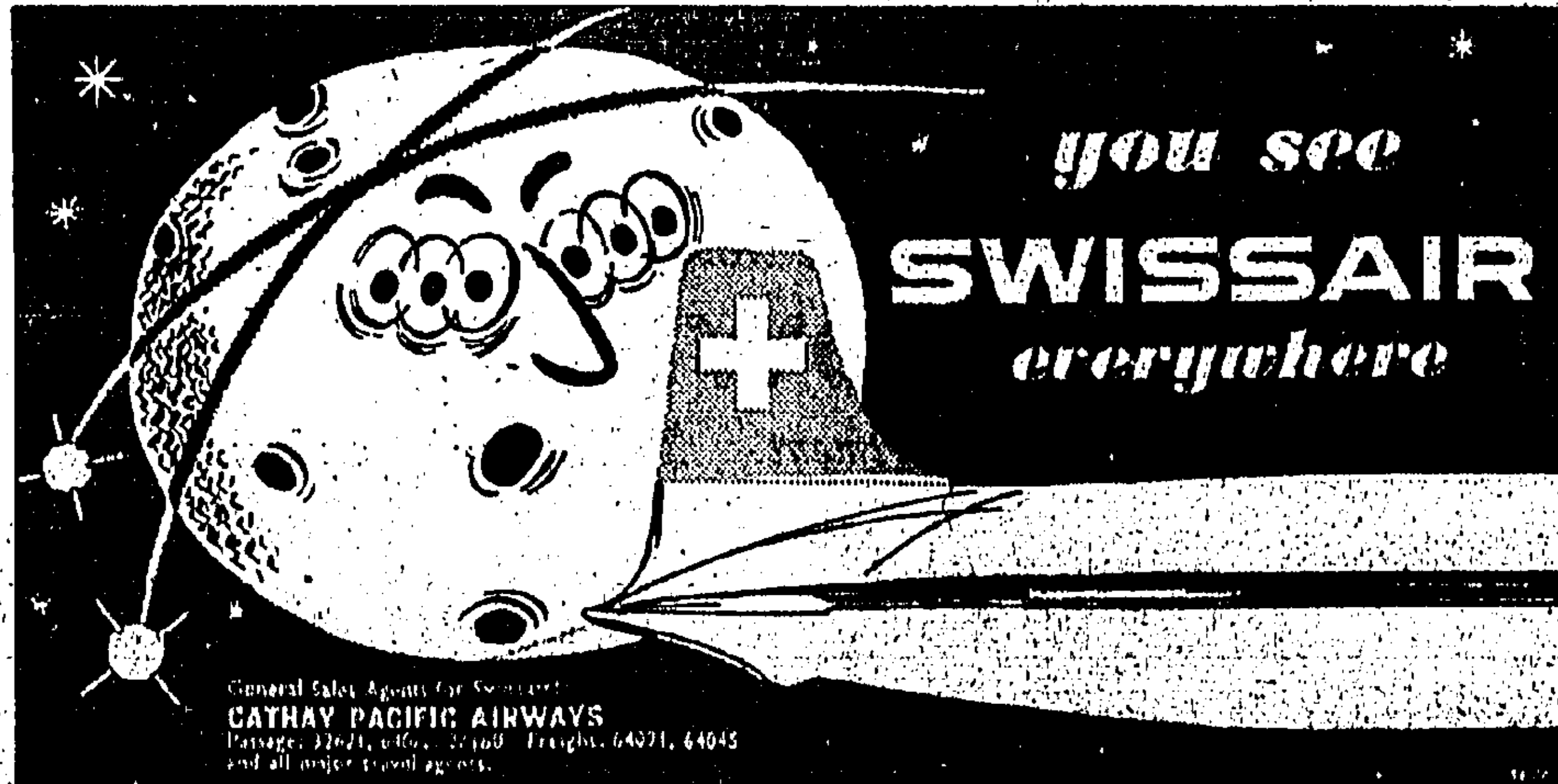
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"I think they are students who feel strongly about the hideous monstruities which disfigure our modern cities."

JUST FANCY THAT

SCOTLAND YARD got no warning from the "thief-proof" burglar alarm when thieves raided a Lincolns warehouse recently and stole a safe. The gang turned off the alarm's master switch and took the gadget with them.

This century's most fantastic chapter in the annals of naval warfare

(Continued from Page 6)

St Petersburg," he instructed his chief staff officer, de Colongue, "that I wish to be relieved of my command." Then, feeling suddenly exhausted and ill, he retired to his bunk. For two days no one saw him.

Then fiery

Christmas morning (by the Russian calendar) arrived on route to Nossi-Bé. At ten o'clock the order was given for the crew of the Suvoroff to assemble on the quarter-deck. The 800 men gathered together quietly. Rozhdestvensky, looking bent and drawn, and 20 years older, but with a glass of champagne in his hand, began his speech so quietly that at first few could hear him.

Then, as if forcing himself out of a coma, he raised his drooping body and launched into a fiery oration.

"You as well as I serve our country," he shouted. "It is my right and duty to report to the emperor that you are doing your duty, and what fine fellows you are."

Now he raised his hat above his head in his left hand, his voice fell again, and the words of his toast were broken by his sobs.

"May God help us to serve her honourably, to justify her confidence, not to deceive her hopes. To you, whom I trust, to Russia!"

Rozhdestvensky drained his glass and then held it high above his head, while the cheers rang across the water, and cups were thrown in the air. "Lend us!" "We won't give in!" "We'll do it!" Rozhdestvensky could see that many of the men were in tears. Then the crash of guns firing the salute drowned all other sound.

In spite of all her deficiencies the Suvoroff would have made a formidable foe that day.

Reunion

The fleet could not have had a more suitable or more magnificent base in Madagascar than Nossi-Bé, with its pretty little town of Hellville (named after the French Admiral Hell).

The French had been highly inconsistent in their attitude to the Russians. But here, every help was available at a substantial profit to those who did so.

Dockyard workers were brought in from other parts of the island, and great quantities of provisions, including a thousand bullocks, had been made available.

The "Suez" contingent of the fleet was now reunited with the main section, and for a few hours the celebrations enabled the crews to forget hardships past and still to come.

But Rozhdestvensky, his resignation refused, fought on with his personal, unavailing battle against the decision to encumber him with the useless "Third Pacific Squadron."

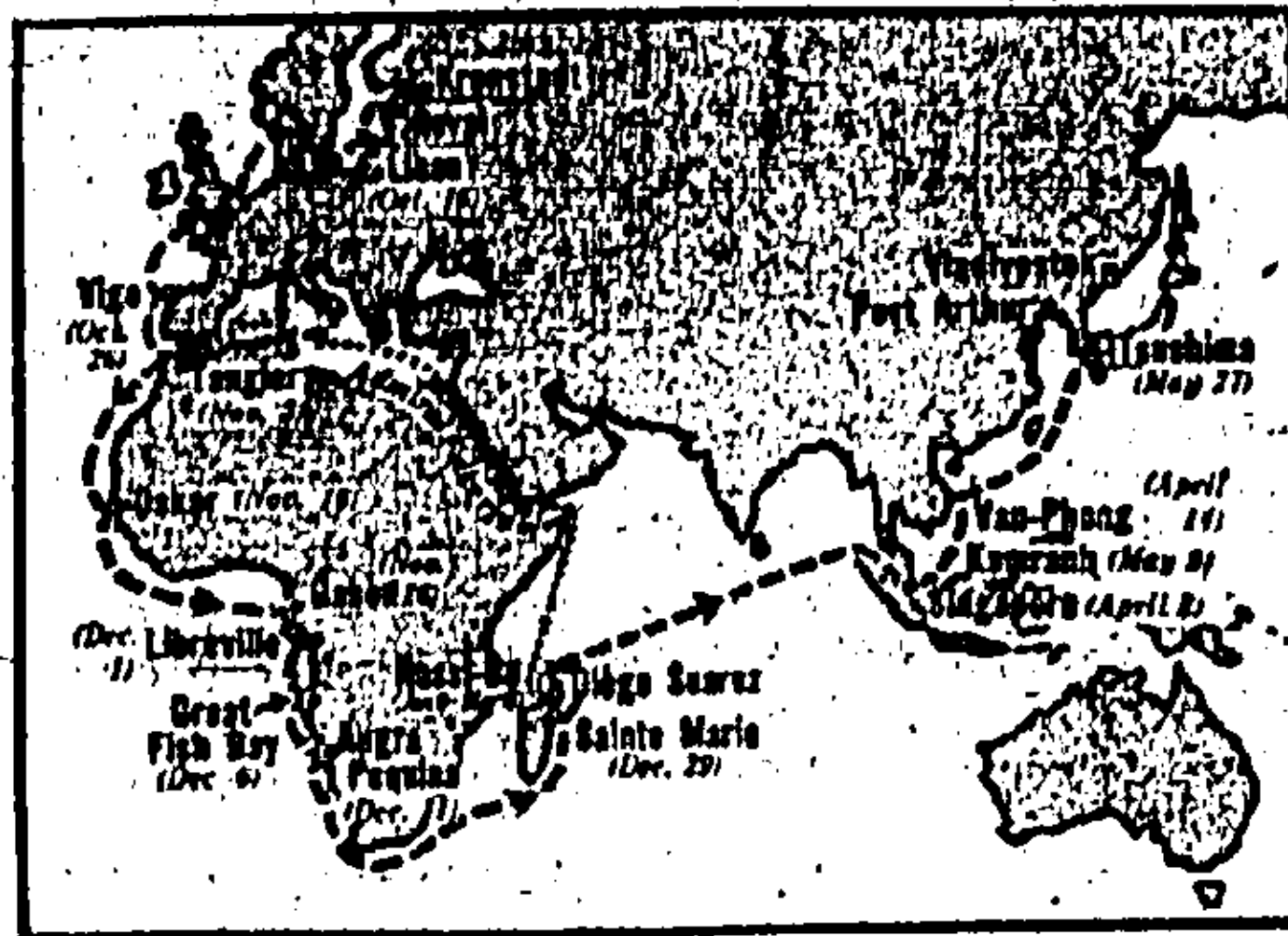
He sent cables after cables, and finally retired to his bunk in a state of nervous disintegration. The truth was hidden from his subordinates by a report that he was suffering from neuralgia.

Meanwhile for the crews—there was fun to be had in Hellville.

They found bars and gambling saloons set up for them in requisitioned native huts and corrugated iron shacks.



ADMIRAL ROZHDESTVENSKY—the man who quelled a mutiny.



This is the 18,000-mile journey across a hostile world made by Rozhdestvensky's ramshackle armada. Of 40 ships, most of the coaling was done at sea. Never has a fleet had to face such a prelude to battle.



The Russian fleet at Nossi-Bé, in Madagascar. The ships spent three months there... the crews spent riotous days ashore... and the first mutinies broke out.

'Only in battle can you wash out your sins'

The bluejackets openly disregarded the voice of authority. They reeled through the streets, or lay dead drunk where they fell. Others crawled about on all-fours.

After two weeks at Nossi-Bé demoralisation was complete. One gang of sailors from the Grozny started tearing down native huts.

Complaints from the local French administrator, M. Tilleau, at last aroused Rozhdestvensky from his sick bed and brought him, withered and pale, but roaring like a lion, from his den. He flung himself into action with all his old vigour, reprimanding officers and commanders ("Your men and your ships are a disgrace to the fleet"), and within a few days transforming the lives and standard of conduct of his 10,000 men.

This inflammatory situation needed but a spark to set the fires of revolt burning. That spark was provided by newspapers which revealed to the crews, for the first time, the true state of things at home. They carried stories of great riots and upheavals against the Czarist regime.

Mutiny broke out first on the Nakhimoff, whose crews were particularly weak and self-indulgent, without a thought for their men.

No bread

The crew of the Nakhimoff had not tasted bread since they had left Libau, although all the other big ships had their own bakeries, and now even the dry biscuits were going mouldy.

At supper one evening the entire crew of 400 refused to eat any more, throwing their food overboard, and later, as dusk was falling, they began to riot.

They found bars and gambling saloons set up for them in requisitioned native huts and corrugated iron shacks.

the deck, shouting and grabbing weapons.

The mutineers were prepering to rush the bridge and the officers' quarters when the captain appeared and by drawing their attention to the big guns of the Suvoroff, which had swung round and were pointing straight at them, succeeded in silencing them. Fourteen of the arbitrarily selected ringleaders were shot, and others gaoled.

Rozhdestvensky's iron rod ruthlessly beat out the fires of revolt flickering up all over the fleet. Suddenly courts martial became almost daily events.

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INDIAN OCEAN, March-April

Always Rozhdestvensky was impatient to be away. And despite all deficiencies and shortcomings, he gave the order to sail on March 10. His decision had been expedited by the news that the unwanted "Third Squadron" was nearer than had been thought—at Crete.

At all costs, he determined not to wait for those worn-out "mutineers." Only his Chief-of-Staff, Chapier de Colongue, knew that by giving the order to sail, in his determination to see the thing through in his own way, the C-in-C was guilty of an act of insubordination which dwarfed all previous acts of mutiny.

For more than three weeks Rozhdestvensky's armada was lost not only to the Admiralty authorities but to the world.

From March 10 until the evening of April 8 it steamed some 3,500 miles without seeing another ship, for only the last few days within sight of land, and for much of the time more than 2,000 miles from the nearest shore.

And no fewer than 114 times on that epic crossing the great

armada had to halt in mid-ocean for coaling or repairs.

At two o'clock on the afternoon of April 8, the news suddenly spread through the streets of Singapore that a great naval armada had been sighted steaming towards the town, and thousands flocked to the waterfront.

"It was a splendid spectacle," cabled The Times correspondent, and the 42 ships were certainly as impressive a sight as the British Navy had ever provided for the naval base.

All the dockyard resources which Rozhdestvensky needed were there in abundance at Singapore—but denied to him. Slowly the squadron struggled on, the only contact with the port being with a launch, sent out by the Russian consul.

This brought more bad news: of sweeping Japanese victories; and a further emphatic instruction that Rozhdestvensky was to wait for the "Third Squadron." The rendezvous given was Kramanah Bay, on the Coochin China coast.

Turmoil

As a final insult, Rozhdestvensky read in amazement that after destroying the enemy in battle and on his arrival at Vladivostok, he was to hand over command to Admiral Birlikoff, who was already en route to the Far East by the Trans-Siberian railway. Rozhdestvensky was outraged.

His inner turmoil again brought him near to breakdown. "The admiral is so odd today," one officer recorded. "So restless, so taciturn and irritable...."

Running about nervously, appearing first on one bridge, then on the other, then descending from the bridge, murmuring in a tone of resignation to Chapier de Colongue as he passed, "Issue orders for the fleet to proceed to the coast as arranged."

Then he waved his arm in a gesture of hopelessness in the direction of the Alexander III and descended from the bridge, murmuring in a tone of resignation to Chapier de Colongue as he passed, "Issue orders for the fleet to proceed to the coast as arranged."

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Rozhdestvensky was still determined to defy his Admiralty's order to wait for the hated "Third Squadron." He had no intention of "going near Kramanah." In his mind, he formed a bold plan: to sail straight on to Vladivostok, if necessary running the gauntlet of the Japanese Navy. But that chance was killed by the battleship Alexander III.

This ship, one of the squadron's four modern battleships, and officered by the cream of the Russian Navy, had made appalling errors in estimating its coal stocks. This was discovered when Rozhdestvensky ordered a final coal report.

Useless

The Alexander III, now reported that despite a day's coaling her stocks were 400 tons less than the figure given the previous day.

The Alexander III was to all intents and purposes now an ineffective unit. The coal she carried was just insufficient to take her directly to Vladivostok.

The help of the coilers accompanying the fleet were empty, and fresh supplies of coal would not arrive at Kramanah Bay for many days.

Rozhdestvensky could not possibly afford to leave the Alexander III behind.

For some minutes he stared silently at the piece of paper in his hand.

Then he waved his arm in a gesture of hopelessness in the direction of the Alexander III and descended from the bridge, murmuring in a tone of resignation to Chapier de Colongue as he passed, "Issue orders for the fleet to proceed to the coast as arranged."

Now, at last resigned to obedience, Rozhdestvensky cabled the Admiralty from the small signal station manned by an idle Russian official: "Here, arrived Kramanah Bay. Await orders."

"Remain until arrival of the

Third Pacific Squadron," answered St. Petersburg once again, adding plaintively this time: "And please keep informed of movements."

Once again, there was the wearisome routine of coaling. And, this task completed, Rozhdestvensky found himself fighting a renewed war of diplomacy.

Japan was exerting immense pressure on the French to adhere to the rules of neutrality. So great, that despite the profit to be obtained by the fleet's stay, the French finally requested his departure.

Rozhdestvensky found a simple solution. He moved on to a secluded bay further north. Meanwhile there was Easter event in the Russian calendar, with religious ceremonies and feasts and Mass in great makeshift tarpaulin chapels decorated with potted tropical plants.

But Easter this year was to be marked in the battleship Orzel by an outbreak of indiscipline among her crew of 800 that led to one of the squadron's most serious mutinies.

The trouble arose over a diseased cow which Commander Sidorkoff had slaughtered for the men's dinner.

That Saturday night there was heavy drinking of locally brewed hooch in the crew's quarters, broken by outbursts of angry shouting which grew so loud that the officer of the watch appeared and, after a scuffle, arrested one of the noisiest bluejackets.

The crisis was reached when the men refused to eat their ceremonial dinner (of diseased cows) and threw their bowls overboard, shouting for Sidorkoff and demanding that their comrades should be released and fresh food supplied.

As a full-scale riot threatened, the officers dining and celebrating in the deck-cabin at last became aware that something serious was afoot, armed themselves with revolvers, and barricaded themselves in their cabins.

Meanwhile, Sidorkoff, in full dress uniform, bravely made his way to the upper deck, appeared above the men and demanded silence.

"Feed us on carrion, would you?" the sailors shouted. "Set the prisoner free!"

This set the pattern for the complete capitulation that followed. After Sidorkoff and Captain Yung had discussed the situation in the comparative security of the captain's tower, Sidorkoff reappeared to meet the sailors, with the prisoner.

"Here he is, my lads," he told the men. "Now then, no more trouble. I am going to order you a new dinner. Appoint a few delegates to choose two of the best bullocks, which will immediately be slaughtered."

Peace came to the ship. The men abated down, while the cooks set about preparing the fare for the crew of 800.

But it was not the end of the affair. The next day Rozhdestvensky arrived in a steam pinnace, mounted the starboard ladder (seen the head of which coal had frantically to be cleared),

and made his way to the upper deck, where he could look down on the entire ship's complement assembled below.

"He did not salute us," as was customary, "one of the seamen remained standing, plunged in thought, towering by a head above the members of his staff."

Traitors!

"After a long and dramatic silence, Rozhdestvensky suddenly shouted out: 'Traitors! Rascals! Mutiny would you?' and proceeded to hurl imprecations and abuse at them, quite beside himself with fury. 'I will not tolerate treason. This scandalous ship will be bombarded and sunk by the rest of the squadron. Hand over the ringleaders. Where are they?'"

When officers had picked out haphazardly eight men and brought them up alongside Rozhdestvensky on the upper deck, he thundered at them: "Look at them, these enemies of Russia. They are more like beasts than men.... What price did you get for selling your country?... Their pockets bulge with Japanese gold. Look, all of you, at their pockets, bulging with gold!"

The officers were then given a scarcely less severe dressing-down in front of the men. "As for you, only in the sea fight, and in your own blood, can you wash out your sins...."

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1958

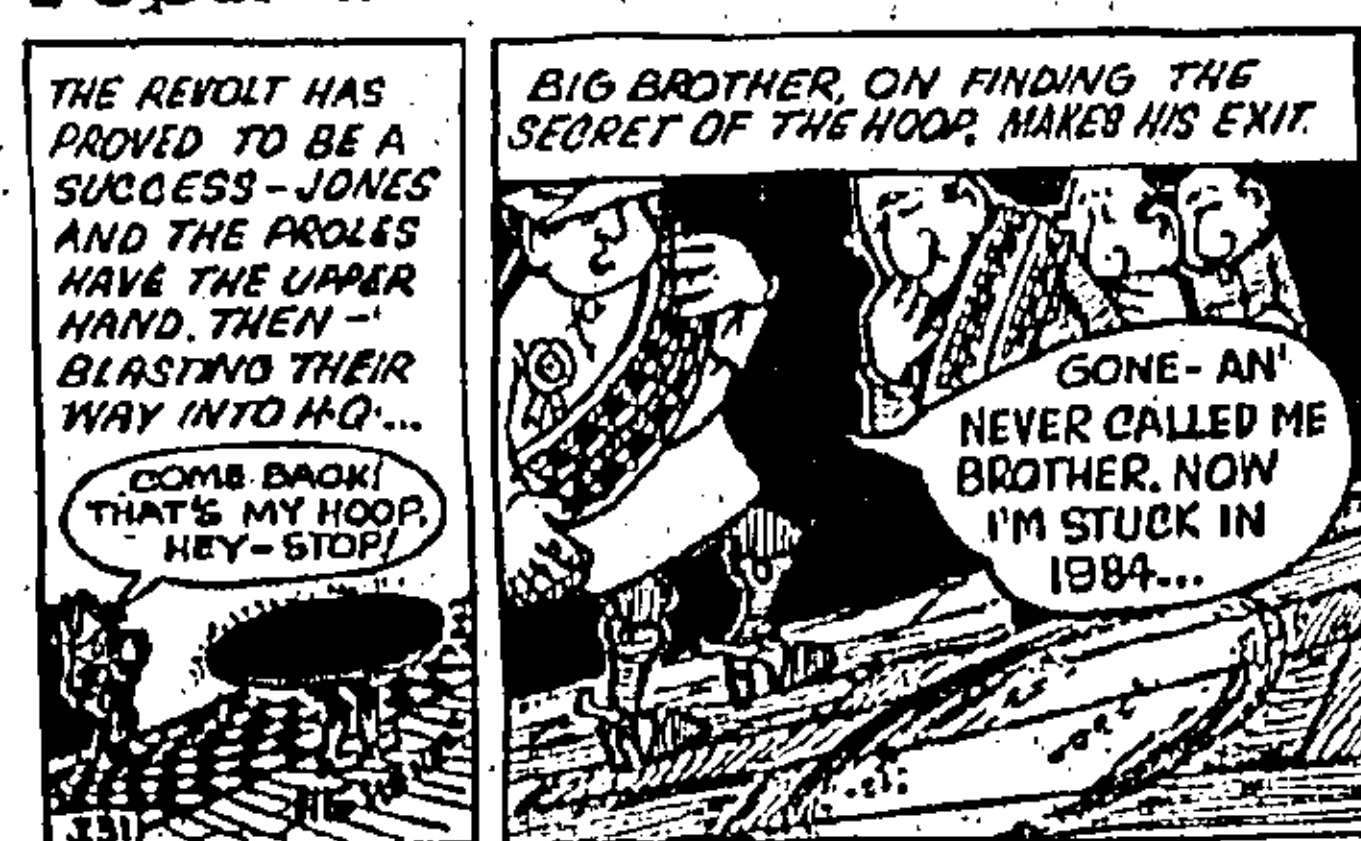
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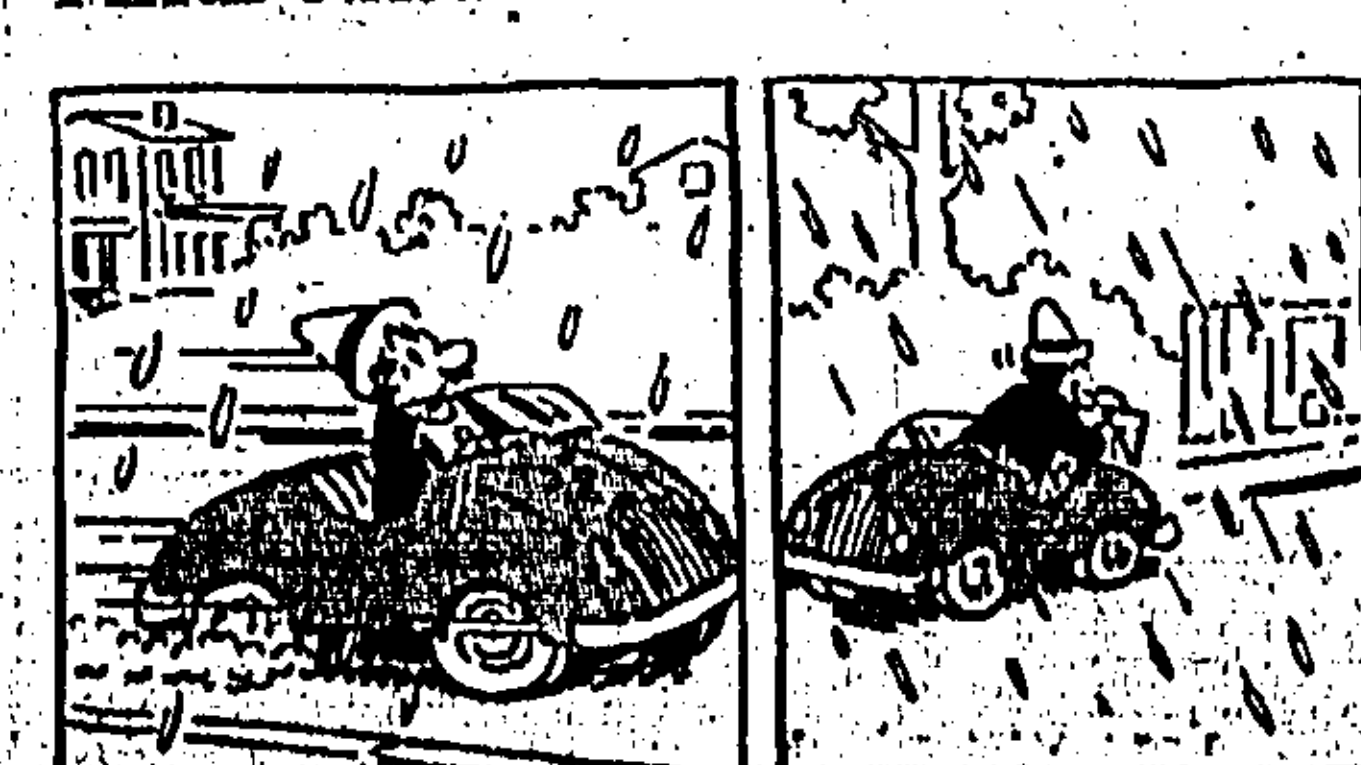


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This Hongkong Death of a prejudice

PREJUDICES die hard in England, and in those far-off days of a hundred years ago, actors were regarded with dark suspicion. Traces were still to be found of ancient prejudice that classed actors with rogues and vagabonds; linked the theatre with prize-fighting and bull-baiting, and the rake-hells and raff-raff of the Regency period.

This unctuously rectitudinous feeling of doubt as to the respectability of the theatre and all that went with it lingered with curious persistence in Hongkong.

To show what I mean, read this newspaper criticism of the period concerning a local amateur actor:—"He is one of the few amateur actors that have been brought up and educated as gentlemen. How far he has availed himself of this peculiar advantage, it is not our purpose to enquire, but certainly few men that have appeared on our local stage have enjoyed, or indeed deserved, more applause."

The chances were, if you worked for a Government, you were not allowed to appear on the stage in amateur dramatics.

If you worked for Jardine Matheson, you had to appear on the stage under a pseudonym; that also applied if you worked for any firm of repute.

It is therefore, hardly surprising that for more than thirty years after the Hongkong Amateur Dramatic Club was formed, all the actors adopted stage names.

In fact, the reason was recorded in an early programme. The trappings of the big honks objected to the names of the young gentlemen in their employ appearing on theatre programmes.

On the other hand, there was no objection to the names of the same young men appearing as owners of horses on race cards. Nowadays, the position is reversed. Few adopt a nom de theatre, but many names are owned by Mr. Pseudonym.

Of course, no ladies ever appeared on the stage. Such was unheard of; it was unimodest, if not downright immodest.

★ ★ ★
Until 1880, all female parts were played by men. It is interesting to note that the first production of the A.D.C. before the demolition of the old City Hall was "Nine Till Six."

Those who have seen that play will recall that it has, an all female cast.

We have already discussed the Victoria Theatre, the top floor of a two-storey godown, somewhere along Queen's Road East, where the Army first played to the military.

Guests, so to speak, were taken up at a point where the row about racial discrimination has blown over, and the soldiers have linked up with the citizens. The old name, the Amateur Dramatic Club, has been dropped, and the vigorous young company continues as the Amateur Dramatic Club.

The President of the A.D.C. in the early sixties was a certain Colonel, named, but it is said that he never spotted a good story by a too rigid adherence to fact.

If this story isn't true, it deserves to be, and I am quite prepared to accept it. The Colonel had got together a company that rose to the heights of Grand Opera. The leading tenor was a gunner in the battery quartered in the town. As the mainstay of the proposed opera, he was indispensable, but unfortunately, he had a weakness. In short, his whole life was a spirited protest against the errors and extravagances of total abstinence.

The necessity of strict attention to details, and the rigid discipline of rehearsals usually kept him sober in the early stages of a production, but as he became more confident in his part, he gave more attention to his neglected throat.

★ ★ ★
He began to arrive, half-cut, and a few minutes later, the rest of those who look down at the powder pot, he saw the world as the world's not.

But this gunner was a man with a soul. It hurt him to think he might break faith with his public, so what did he do but approach his Colonel, and asked that he might be placed under detention during the run of the opera.

The Colonel, and one must assume that he also was a true artist, obliged the gunner, and kept him under close arrest three days before the opening performance.

The gunner was marched under escort to the dress rehearsal, and then marched back to prison.

On the last night, the gunner tenor made his bow to a wildly enthusiastic audience.

He was formally released from arrest, carried shoulder high to the cancen, and given carte blanche to all the brew the barman could pour out. The earliest programme the

A.D.C. possessed was the Fourth Representation of the 1897-98 season. Enquiries lead me to suppose this old programme is lost, along with other interesting data that gave such vivid glimpses of the Colony's social life.

The play given on this occasion was "My Wife's Maid," and to make sure the audience got value for their money, the evening finished with a burlesque, "Bluebird from a New Point of View."

Burlesque was quite popular at the time, and Hongkong was following the current fashion. The burlesque receives more attention than the play, for we are told that it is "Presented with the most reckless Extravagance in the Shape of Guards, Guests, Spahis and Dervishes, including a Grand Turkish Ballet featuring Senora Muen Lea, Senora M'Orhana, Senora Shoppa, Senora Azelle and Senora Apertementa."

The inner pages of the programme were a burlesque in themselves. They were printed like a newspaper pretending to be "The Hongkong Diurnal Mess."

The fun was heavy, and the editor was not afraid to hit at round, even the Colonial Secretary, because the object of its bludgeoning was.

★ ★ ★
"We are sorry to learn that the Honourable the Colonial Secretary, while taking a stroll in the gardens yesterday evening about dusk, was suddenly struck by an idea."

"He was at once conveyed to his house, where prompt measures were taken to relieve the sufferer. We regret to hear that he is at present in a state of complete mental prostration."

★ ★ ★
Clumsy, hardly polite, yet showing a sort of vigour that was typical of England during the nineteenth century. To show the nature of their burlesques, I quote from their programme the following:—

"We have no hesitation in stating on the authority of our own Police Court Reporter, that the performance tonight will be little more than a succession of the most obnoxious personal attacks on everyone of high reputation in the Colony."

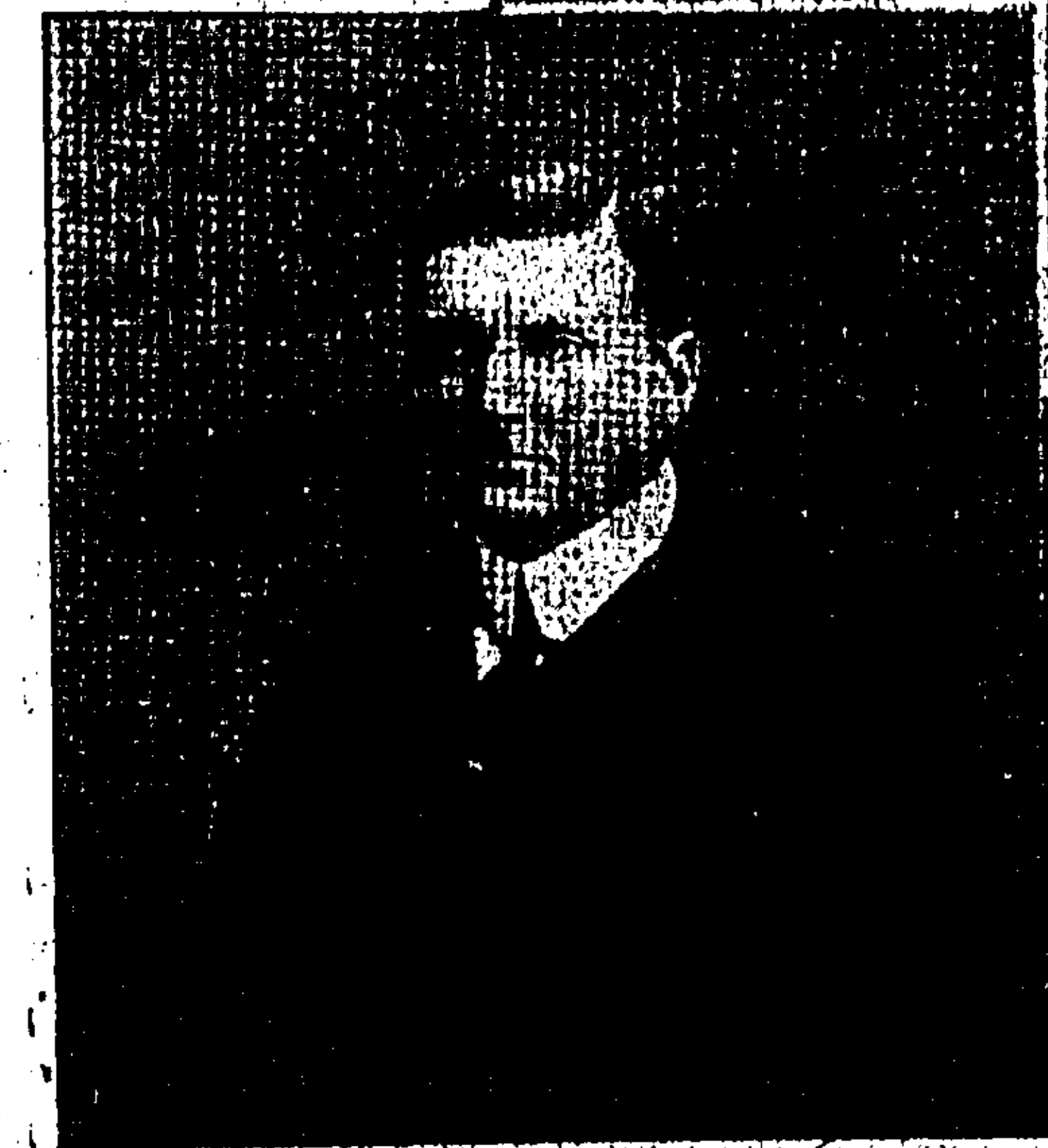
A certain Mr. Beart was the outstanding actor of this period. He was a low comedian and used to play character studies often built on some outstanding personality in the Colony.

A contemporary critic reckoned that Mr. Beart could have taken his place on any professional stage, that his character studies were a local touch of genius; that he brought down the house with his "Widow Twankey" in "Aladdin," and that his "Faded Flower of Shunkwan" was a riot, an exact impersonation of a sampan woman.

Well, we often give our local players a puff, especially if they happen to please us, but I can assure you here that the critic in question was not exaggerating. Listen to this:—

The Hongkong Amateur Dramatic Club were presenting Gilbert and Sullivan's "H.M.S. Pinafore," and Beart was given the part of Sir Joseph Porter. Beart based his impersonation on the unpopular Governor, Sir John Pope Hennessy. (I have given the reason for Sir John's unpopularity in an earlier article.)

Beart parodied the Governor so well, in appearance, speech, and gait that in no time, the theatre was in an uproar. His very entry had the audience



Mr. George P. Lammert (below), the star vocalist of the Hongkong Amateur Dramatic Society, at the beginning of the century, and father of Mr. H. A. Lammert (above).

This performance seems to be the one that marked the change, for since that time, all the feminine roles have been played by women. If the Stage Club ever do find a permanent home, I hope they will erect a plaque in memory of Mrs. Bernard, who made the stage respectable for ladies in the polite circles of Hongkong.

★ ★ ★
Later on in the century, and up to 1905, we find the name of E. W. Mitchell prominent in the A.D.C.'s affairs. I wish I could say more about him, but as he is almost within living memory in the sense of the old timers here, perhaps some can tell

even at second-hand, something of his exploits on behalf of the A.D.C.

He died in 1908, and with his death the A.D.C. lost a fine producer.

★ ★ ★
But towards the end of that year, Mr. John Robertson arrived in the Colony, and quickly took over the duties of producer, a position he held for a long time.

Under his direction, the productions took on a more ambitious aspect, and as I see it, during this period, the A.D.C. reached a peak seldom attained by an amateur society.

They produced Pinero's "The Fobbery Horse," and the Henry Arthur Jones comedies. We find that in the first decade of this century, just before moving pictures entered as a door competitor, the A.D.C. carried all before them.

Judging by the publicity afforded the respective shows, the greatest performance of them all was Lionel Montekio's "A Country Girl." There were packed houses night after night, and the applause was simply astonishing.

The prominent names in the cast were: George Lammert; "Shirley," White; W.G. Worcester; Mrs. W. Logan (the finest actress the A.D.C. presented was the opinion of contemporary theatre-goers) and Mrs. Bernard, who was a "perfect cast of seventy happy souls!"

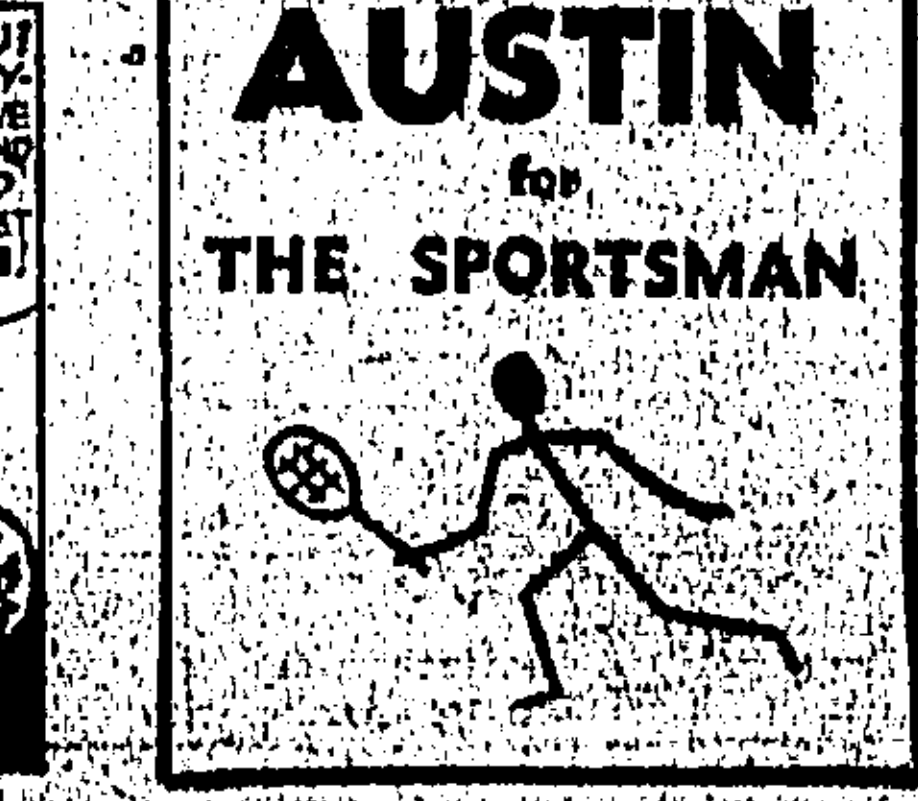
★ ★ ★
It is not difficult to imagine what an event these productions must have been in the Colony's social life.

In the early 1890's, Lieutenant-Colonel Newham Davies published a very interesting book on amateur dramatic clubs through the British Empire.

This is what he wrote about the Hongkong Amateur Dramatic Club:—"The best organized Club that I have found in the uttermost parts of the earth, is the Hongkong Amateur Dramatic Club."

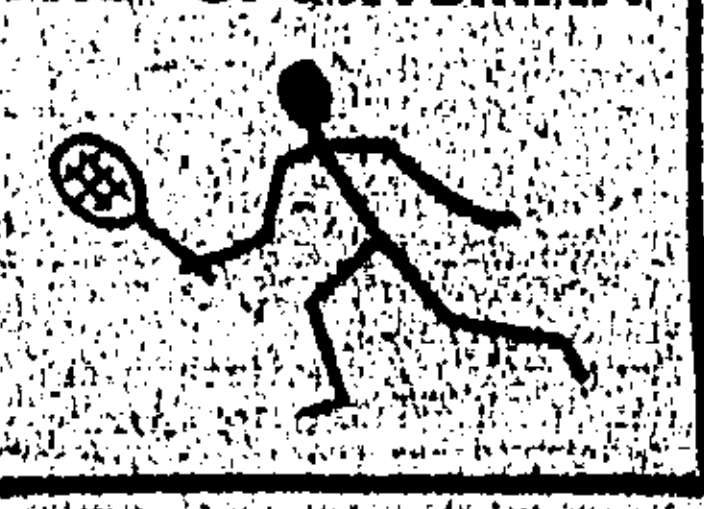
—JOHN LUFF
★ ★ ★
TUESDAY:
City Of The Stars

BRICK BRADFORD



By Paul Norris

AUSTIN for THE SPORTSMAN



WEEK-END WOMANSENSE

VERONICA PAPWORTH

PRESENTING HER COMPLETE QUICK-REFERENCE GUIDE TO THE LATEST TRENDS

Here's all that really matters from Paris

SUMMED up in these pictures is all that matters to all of YOU—from Paris:—

- ① A big hat—or alternatively a great beehive of a hairstyle.
- ② A built-up shoulder line or a wide, wide collar.
- ③ A slightly longer skirt.

Everywhere—well everywhere that matters—in the French spring and summer collections there are deep, wide collars, high-standing bands at shoulder level, built-out shoulder seams on top coats, short kimono sleeves . . . anything to give that width.

This spring's fashionable woman will look as if her beautiful blown-up head is served on a plate.

Otherwise the designers have done what every responsible fashion expert advised them . . . urged them . . . warned them to do.

They have slowed down the tempo and compromised like mad.

St. Laurent has shortened his hemlines. Cardin has lengthened his. And the wain have almost met.

The result is very easy on the eyes and immensely feminine.

Please Yourself

Tackling this business of the waist—is it or is it NOT to be emphasised? It's up to you.

IF YOU HAVE A WAIST you'll belt it good and hard with all kinds of broad, soft leather and suedes—tucked, draped, or folded—and crushed through broad buckles. Or you may fall for the wide Japanese kimono-style sash, with a flat bow at the back.

IF YOU DON'T HAVE A WAIST you'll carry on happily enough with slightly-fitted, belted dresses having the essential width at the top.

There are plenty of them around.

In fact, very little in any woman's wardrobe will be completely outdated except the Empire Line.

That belt-under-the-bust look is deadlier than the dinosaur.

NEW are the short, squarish jackets with wide collars lined with misty flower prints and worn with a matching print bolero-blouse.

MY COMMENT: The kind of easy, pretty suit we have all been looking for.

NEW are the broad, beetle-backed coats and capes in paper taffeta or faille to wear over late day and evening dresses.

MY COMMENT: Plenty of style and drama here, but I think they would crush like mad.

NEW are the short evening dresses with skirts like puff balls—smothered from waist to hem in frills.

MY COMMENT: "I'm-Goin'-to-Have-to-Dance-all-Night" dresses. No sitting down in these little numbers.

NEW—and yet as old as the hills—are the shirt-waist dresses (again with very wide collars and, sometimes, kimono sleeves) in misty flower-printed shirtings.

MY COMMENT: You'll love them. You always HAVE.

Summing up I'd say that in spite of all the magnificence (some of it, highly reminiscent of the 1920s), the runway at Nina Ricci, Pierre Cardin remains the most interesting and exciting of the Paris designers.

His line, carefully developed, is entirely consistent from season to season. His clothes are young, gay, and vital.

His colour sense is stunning.



Hairstyle by Eierre at Antoine

To Rate With A Date Just Be Considerate



Max Factor

IT'S ALL RIGHT to freshen lipstick and powder your nose in public, but don't make a big production of these jobs.

By JEANNE D'ARCY

WANT to get a nod from the stag line, rate as a date, be deemed a doll by your man of the hour?

You can do it if you just remember two magic words: Be Considerate!

OBSERVE WARNINGS

You expect an escort to behave like a Galahad, open doors, pull out chairs, help you on with a wrap or coat. Don't forget that a Sir Galahad deserves a Lady Fair. You'll be just that if you observe the warnings on the "Don't Do" list that follows:

1. Don't be late. He won't notice the ladies you took ten extra minutes to macaroni and curl, or the face veiling you whipped up when the clock indicated you should have been on your way. If you leave him waiting in a restaurant, at a train terminal or wherever your rendezvous. Fidelity is a virtue men prize. Make it one of yours.

POCKETS AREN'T POUCHES

2. Don't expect him to be a walking carry-all for you. His pockets are not pouches where you can store items (like theatre programmes, gloves, cigarettes) that you can't fit into your dainty-size date purse.

3. Don't make face-powdering a production when you're waiting on cosmetics over the counter, talk or in a theatre lobby. Men hate to be conspicuous and they just

HE'S NOT INTERESTED

8. Don't talk about other ladies. He'll be just as interested in this topic as you'd be if he gave a monologue entitled "Glamorous Girls I Have Known."

9. Don't gossip. The only person a man wants to talk about is himself.

10. Don't give orders. He's picking up the cheque, paying the taxi fare, so it's his job to tell the waiter what you want to eat and the driver where you want to go.

Watch your beauty born anew!



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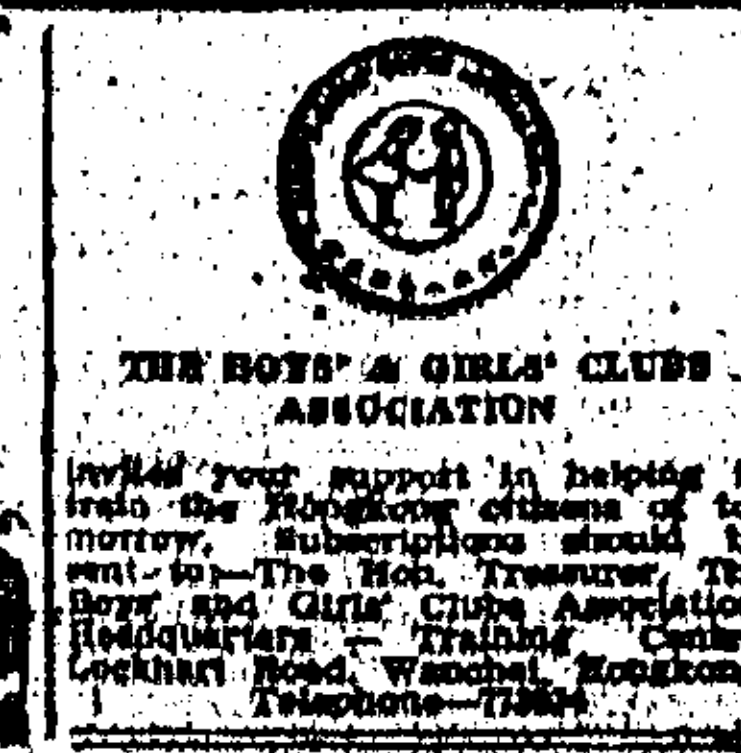
flattering fit at a budget price...

yours with Maidenform Cymbal. Yes, only Cymbal gives you so much comfort and styling for such a low, low price. Even after repeated laundering, the circular stitched Cymbal retains its shape to give you a figure-flattering fit. Stretch or turn as you will, the elastic insert in the front keeps Cymbal firmly in place. So ask for Maidenform Cymbal, the high-fashion bra at a low budget price.

Fine shops offer a variety of Maidenform bras. Choose the one that's right for you. Ask for a Maidenform girl to too.

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What Would Durante Have Said?

By MARY HAMPSON

CLEOPATRA probably started it. She is known to have had her face lifted.

Her surgeon used a home-made scalpel, dried clay—and probably hemp to tranquillise the royal patient.

Undoubtedly, methods have improved! And now everybody's doing it. You can even get a new nose on a save-as-you-earn plan at one famous nursing home!

Didn't you know that Zsa Zsa Gabor has a new nose? And Juliette Greco, and Marlene Carol? And "Gorgeous Gussie" Moran and Helen Conhor?

In fact, every other person I meet seems to be arranging to have a new face.

They all suited her extremely well, but at £100 the nose struck me as a pretty expensive accessory.

"But you didn't have to live with it, or earn your living behind it," she told me. "I saw a picture of myself reflected in a mirror, and that did it. I took one look at it, and rang up a Harley Street surgeon. I spoke to him on the Wednesday, arranged to have my nose fixed on the following Tuesday, and was back on television the following Saturday."

Marilyn is only one in thousands who refuse to be bullied by nature. The makers of a famous London nursing home specialising in plastic surgery told me that in the past two years she has had well over seven thousand inquiries.

"More and more people are realising that they can have a new face—and a new life—for the price of a couple of holidays," she said.

"We even have a sort of hire-purchase system whereby the patient pays a certain amount of money each week and saves up for a new nose, new ears, and a different-shaped face."

"But we never claim to do miracles," she emphasised. "We merely improve."

For Marilyn Davies a new nose meant the chance of a bigger and better career.

For Sandra Harvard, another girl, a new nose meant, simply, a new life.

"I honestly think I was born all over again the day when the surgeon took the plaster off my nose," Sandra told me. "She is not in show business, she is not earning hundreds of

pounds a week. She is a friend of mine who decided that it would be worth her while to scrimp and save and buy herself a new face."

"I hated my face," she told me. "I hated the nickname of 'Keyhole Kate' because I thought it was a fair one. I had huge glasses, a huge nose, and every time I looked in the mirror I wanted to weep or run away and hide—in fact, I tried to do just that."

"It never dawned on me to do anything about it until I saw a play on television about a girl with a big nose. There and then I decided to do something about my nose. I made inquiries and discovered it would cost about £100 to have a new one."

"I borrowed the money, though I would have starved to get it if I had to. The day the surgeon took off the plaster I couldn't believe it. I went out that night and I walked into a crowded room for the first time in my life, and my nose and face were just what I needed. I was just what I needed."



ABOVE: Two young boxers from St George's School mix it up in fine style, spurred on by some 300 wildly cheering schoolmates during the School's fifth annual boxing tournament last week. The tournament was won by Windsor House.

★

RIGHT: Hongkong singer Barbara Fai snapped as she was speaking to reporters shortly after returning to the Colony by air from Paris this week. Miss Fai, who is studying voice production in Paris, will spend two months holiday in Hongkong.



ABOVE: The Air Officer Commanding, Air Commodore P. D. Holder, seen presenting the C-in-C's testimonial for good service to Mr Cheung Po, foreman-carpenter boatbuilder, of the RAF marina craft section, during a ceremony at Kai Tak last week.



ABOVE: Mr. Cheung Chan-hon, Chairman of the Tung Wah Group of Hospitals, shows Mrs. Tang Shiu-kin around the premises of the Group's new primary school in Hollywood Road. The school was earlier opened by Mr. Tang Shiu-kin.

★ ★ ★

★ ★ ★
BELOW: Miss Karen Sun and Mr. Michael Boder snapped during this week's Press conference at the Gloucester Hotel. Miss Sun will give a vocal recital at Lake View Hall tomorrow, accompanied at the piano by Mr. Boder.



ABOVE: A garden luncheon party for a large gathering of villagers was held at Island House, Taipo, last week by Mr. D. R. Holmes, District Commissioner, New Territories. Mr. Holmes is seen on right toasting some of his guests.

★

LEFT: Visiting the old Tsan Yuk Hospital this week, Dr. Edward Waterhouse, the American specialist, stopped to inspect this blind man's work—a partially completed wicker basket.

★

BELOW: The first blind Brownies in Hongkong—a group photo of the Ninth Brownie Pack shortly after an inauguration ceremony at the Ebenezer Home for the Blind.



★ ★ ★

BELOW: Mr. D. E. Brooks, Controller of Broadcasting, gave a cocktail party in honour of Sir Ian Jacob, Director-General of the B.B.C., and Lady Jacob. Seen are (l-r) Mr. Brooks, Sir Ian, Lady Jacob, Mrs. Brooks and Mr. K. A. Watson.

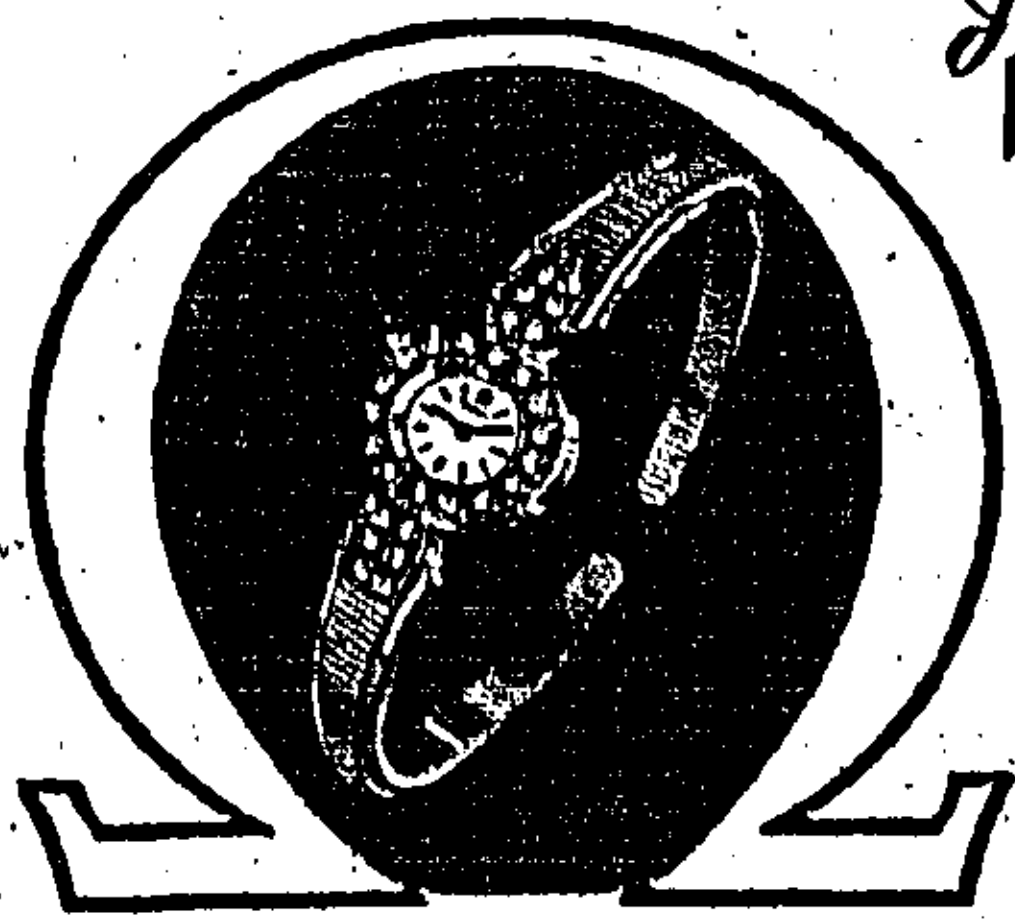
ABOVE: A cocktail party was held on board the new motor freighter Tocansa by Mr. M. Duhamel, general agent for the Compagnie de Transports Oceaniques. Seen are (l-r) Capt. G. Bouage, Mr. M. Gottfried and Mr. Duhamel.

★ ★ ★



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ABOVE: Mr. Peter F. Hoering, owner of the firm that produces the liquor Cherry Hoering, shows an outsize bottle of the product during a cocktail party held at Gloucester Hotel recently. Seen (l-r) are: Mr. Chan Lap-man, the Hon. H. D. M. Barton, Mr. Hoering and Mr. Chan Woon-chung.

★

RIGHT: Brigadier Dame Monica Johnson, Matron-in-Chief and Director of Army Nursing Services, seen at Kai Tak Airport on arrival from Singapore recently. She is here on a short visit.



ABOVE: Dr. Li Shu-fan gazes at one of his game trophies, part of a collection he is donating to the new City Hall. The main part of the donation will comprise of trophies from India and East Africa.



★ ★ ★
ABOVE: Ten-year-old Leo Man-sung, prize-winning Hongkong artist, tries on his 'Mandarin' skull-cap and brocade jacket, while packing for his air trip to London—where Leo will receive his prize. Helping him is his father, Dr. Kon-lin Leo.
★ ★ ★



★ ★ ★
BELOW: A gathering at the Lancastrian's Ball held last week at the Peninsula Hotel. Seen (l-r) are: Mr. J. D. Galloway, Mrs. H. Tarrant, Mr. and Mrs. A. E. Paul-Carter.
★ ★ ★



ABOVE: Prof. J. H. Granden (right) toasts Count Adalberto Figarolo Di Gropello, Italian Consul-General in Hongkong, during a farewell dinner given by the Italian Society for the Consul-General who is leaving to take up a new post in New Delhi. Mrs. K. Poldy is at centre.

★

LEFT: Mr. A. de O. Sales (right) tells an anecdote during the World Brotherhood Week dinner held at the Ying King Restaurant recently. Enjoying the story are the Hon. J. C. McDouall (left) and Mrs. Sales.

★

BELOW: The Hon. D.J.S. Crozier and Mr. Law Kwan-fook inspect a lion costume shortly before a rehearsal by about 50 Boy Scouts of lion dances they will perform at the Duke of Edinburgh at the Hongkong Stadium next month.



ABOVE: The Very Rev. Dom Paulinus Leo, Prior of the Treppist Monastery of Our Lady of Llesse at Lantau Island, showing his souvenir bannerette which was given to him on the occasion of his silver jubilee as a priest recently.



BELOW: A group photograph of Hongkong's delegation to the Melbourne International Trade Fair during a dinner held in their honour recently. From left to right: Mr. Ernest C. Wong, Miss Francis Chan, the Hon. Dhun Ruttonjee, Mrs. Ruttonjee and Mr. W.E. Manson.

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(3 Sizes)

MATERIALS:
6 (7) (8) ozs. Munrospun
2 ply "Morning Haze" wool
1 pair each Nos. 12 and 14
Knitting Needles Set of 4
No. 14 Knitting Needles.

MEASUREMENTS:

	1st size	2nd size	3rd size
Bust:	34 ins.	36 ins.	38 ins.
Length:	20 1/2 ins.	21 1/2 ins.	22 1/2 ins.
Sleeve Seam:	18 1/2 ins.	19 ins.	19 1/2 ins.

TENSION:
9 sts. to 1 in.

IMPORTANT: To make a garment of the correct size the above tension should be maintained throughout. It is advisable to knit a small sample before beginning the garment and to use a size larger or smaller needle if the required tension cannot be obtained with the needles stated.

ABBREVIATIONS:
K., knit; p., purl; st., or sts., stitch or stitches; in., or ins., inch or inches; beg., beginning; foll., following; alt., alternate; inc., increase (ing); dec., decrease (ing); t.b.l., through back of loops; tog., together; cont., continue; st. st., stocking stitch.

NOTE:
Instructions are given for 1st size. Follow figures in brackets for 2nd and 3rd sizes respectively. When only one set of figures is given this refers to all 3 sizes.

BACK

Using No. 14 needles cast on 124 (132) (140) sts. and work in k.1, p.1 rib for 2 ins.

Change to No. 12 needles and cont. in st. st. until work measures 4 1/2 (5) (5 1/2) ins. from beg.

Now cont. in st. st. inc. 1 st. at both ends of the next and every foll. 6th row until there are 148 (156) (164) sts.

Cont. without further shaping until work measures 13 1/2 (14) (14 1/2) ins. from beg. ending with a p. row.

Next row: K. 4, k. 2 tog. t.b.l., k. to last 6 sts., k. 2 tog., k. 4.

Next row: P. 4, p. 2 tog. t.b.l., p. to last 6 sts., p. 2 tog., p. 4.

Rep. from * to * until 46 sts. remain. Cast off.

FRONT

Follow instructions as given for Back until work measures 13 1/2 (14) (14 1/2) ins. from beg. then shape armholes as for Back until 96 (104) (112) sts. remain. Work a p. row.

Next row: K. 4, k. 2 tog. t.b.l., k. 42 (40) (50), turn and leave remaining 40 (52) (60) sts. on a st. holder.

Cont. to work left side dec. as before at armhole edge and at the same time dec. at neck edge on the next and every foll. 4th row until 9 sts. remain. Now dec. at both ends of each alt. row until 1 st. remains.



Draw thread through loop. Return to sts. left on st. holder and join wool at centre front. Next row: K. to last 6 sts., k. 2 tog., k. 4.

Next row: P. Cont. to work right side dec. as before at armhole edge and at the same time dec. at neck edge on the next and every foll. 4th row until 9 sts. remain. Finish as for left side.

SLEEVES

Using No. 14 needles cast on 62 (64) (66) sts. and work in k.1, p.1 rib for 2 1/2 ins.

Next row: Rib 8 (9) (10), * work twice into next st., rib 8. Rep. from * to last 8 (9) (10) sts. k. 2 tog., k. 4.

Change to No. 12 needles and work in st. st. for 6 rows. Cont. in st. st. inc. 1 st. at both ends of the next and every foll. 6th row until there are 110 (114) (118) sts. Cont. without further shaping until work measures 18 1/2 (19) (19 1/2) ins. from beg. ending with a p. row.

SHAPE ARMHOLES
Cast off 6 sts. at beg. of next 2 rows.

Next row: K. 4, k. 2 tog. t.b.l., k. to last 6 sts., k. 2 tog., k. 4.

Next row: P. 4, p. 2 tog. t.b.l., p. to last 6 sts., p. 2 tog., p. 4.

Rep. from * to * until 10 (12) (14) sts. remain. Work 4 rows without shaping. Cast off.

NECK BAND AND COLLAR
Join raglan sleeve seams. Using set of 4 No. 14 needles with points at both ends pick up and k. 5 sts. around neck edge thus: With inside of work facing and using 1st needle pick up and k. 18 sts. from a point 1 1/2 ins. down from shoulder front seam on right front, 10 (12) (14) sts. from sleeve top, 45 from back neck, 10 (12) (14) sts. from sleeve top and 18 down left front. 101 (105) (109) sts., turn.

1st row: * K.1, p.1. Rep. from * to last st., k.1. Next row: K.1, work twice into next st., rib to last 8 sts., work twice into next st., k. 2. Next row: Work in rib keeping rib correct at increases. Rep. last 2 rows until there are 127 (131) (135) sts. Break off wool. Now with 2nd needle and with right side of work facing pick up and k. 54 (58) (62) sts. along right side of neck from centre front, then pick up and p. 20 sts. along edge of collar, p. 3 times into 1 st. on needle. Using 3rd needle rib across collar sts. to last st., then with 4th needle p. 3 times into this st. and p. 23 sts. along edge of collar. Now pick up and k. 54 (58) (62) sts. along left side of neck to centre front.

Work in rounds of k.1, p.1 rib, 1st round as follows: K.1, p.1 to last st., on 1st needle work twice into last st., then work twice into 1st st. on 2nd needle, work to last st. and work twice into last st., work twice into 1st st. on 3rd needle

then keeping rib correct work to end of rounds. Cont. to work in rounds of k.1, p.1 rib without further dec. at collar corners but working 2 tog. at beg. and end of round for centre front V. Work 7 rounds. Cast off loosely in rib.

TO MAKE UP

Press all pieces to correct measurements with a hot iron over a damp cloth but omit collar and other ribbing parts. Join side and sleeve seams. Press seams.

WITHOUT COLLAR

Join raglan sleeve seams. Using set of 4 No. 14 needles and with right side of work facing, pick up and k. 5 sts. around neck edge thus: With inside of work facing and using 1st needle pick up and k. 18 (12) (14) sts. from a point 1 1/2 ins. down from shoulder front seam on right front, 10 (12) (14) sts. from sleeve top, 45 from back neck, 10 (12) (14) sts. from sleeve top and 18 down left front. 101 (105) (109) sts., turn.

1st row: * K.1, p.1. Rep. from * to last st., k.1. Next row: K.1, work twice into next st., rib to last 8 sts., work twice into next st., k. 2. Next row: Work in rib keeping rib correct at increases. Rep. last 2 rows until there are 127 (131) (135) sts. Break off wool. Now with 2nd needle and with right side of work facing pick up and k. 54 (58) (62) sts. along right side of neck from centre front, then pick up and p. 20 sts. along edge of collar, p. 3 times into 1 st. on needle. Using 3rd needle rib across collar sts. to last st., then with 4th needle p. 3 times into this st. and p. 23 sts. along edge of collar. Now pick up and k. 54 (58) (62) sts. along left side of neck to centre front.

Work in rounds of k.1, p.1 rib, 1st round as follows: K.1, p.1 to last st., on 1st needle work twice into last st., then work twice into 1st st. on 2nd needle, work to last st. and work twice into last st., work twice into 1st st. on 3rd needle



For Refueling The Body Breakfast Is A "Must"

"PEOPLE skip breakfast because they are lazy, or in too much of a hurry, or because they aren't ready, or because they indulge in late evening snacks," grumbled the Chef.

"Well, that's quite a list of reasons for breakfast-skipping. Let's talk them over," I said.

STARTS TOO LATE

"The lazy person, Madame, is the one who sleeps too long in the morning because he starts to bed too late the night before. This person is too lazy to stop to chow food and so gulps down only juice and coffee at breakfast, if anything.

"He is what I call a 'drink-and-runner'!"

"Then there are the people who never allow time enough to eat breakfast because they are so jittery and impatient. As a result of going without breakfast every day, their nerves are on edge.

BEFORE RETIRING

"Many don't eat breakfast because they ate a hearty snack before retiring and so don't want anything in the morning."

"This late evening snacking, of course helps to put on weight," I added. "The food is not fully used while sleeping, so part is stored in the body in the form of fat."

"There is every reason why breakfast should be eaten. First and foremost, the body has usually been without food for at least 12 hours and needs refueling. Breakfast is a 'must'."

TOMORROW'S DINNER

Chinese Cabbage
Salad Tartare
Vocal Outlet
Mushroom Sauce
Curried Rice
Chopped Spinach
Fruit Gelatin or
Macaroni Moulds
Coffee Tea Milk

Cereal Suggestion

From The Chef

Combine 2 kinds of ready-to-eat cereal when serving. Top with 1 tsp. wheat germ oil. person. Nice with brown or maple sugar.

Hot Mustard Sauce

In a small saucepan, combine 1 tsp. butter or margarine, 1 sliced onion, 1 pickled section garlic and 1 tsp. vinegar (preferably tarragon). Cook-stir 3 min.

Add 1 tsp. flour; stir until smooth. Gradually stir in 1 c. canned, condensed beef broth. Remove garlic.

Mix 1/2 tsp. powdered mustard with 1/4 c. cold water. Stir into the sauce. Simmer 5 min.

YOUR BIRTHDAY . . . By STELLA

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 21

BORN today you tend to be a perfectionist in everything you undertake. You are critical of yourself as well as with others, and you wish to be a climate of dissatisfaction which makes it difficult for everyone around you. You might find life a little more pleasant if you were to look for the good qualities, once in a while, instead of the flaws. You have perhaps more than a little of the reformer in your make-up. If you will take a more positive outlook on things, you will find others falling into line with your viewpoint more quickly.

You have flashes of intuition which you should obey. Don't ignore them, for intuitiveness is an exceptionally valuable gift of the stars. This is especially true when it comes to love and romance. You might easily fall in love at first sight. If you do, heed it, for this will be it! No matter how long you wait for somebody else there will always be that first love in your heart, so don't let it go.

Since you have strength and firmness of character, you want your helpmate to have the same qualities. For the best happiness, select someone born under Scorpio or Cancer, although you would probably harmonize with someone born under Taurus, Capricorn or Virgo.

Among those born on this date are: Cardinal John Henry Newman, noted churchman; Brander Matthews, critic and author; Alice Freeman Flaxman, president of Wellesley; Leonard Merrick, actor-author-dramatist; Voltaire, dramatist and statesman.

To find what the stars have in store for you tomorrow, select your birthday star and read the corresponding paragraph. Let your birthday star be your daily guide.

SUNDAY, FEBRUARY 22

PISCES (Feb. 20-Mar. 20)—A full moon brings a changed trend, which should bring an increased peace of mind.

ARIES (Mar. 21-Apr. 20)—After your morning devotions, devote the balance of the day to rest to restore your energies.

TAURUS (Apr. 21-May 21)—A good day for broadening your social contacts. It can change your whole point of view.

GEMINI (May 22-June 21)—A dubious tendency which has been hanging over you should now be dispersed.

CANCER (June 22-July 22)—Circled yourself against trouble for this is an important day of the month for you.

LEO (July 23-Aug. 22)—If you use good judgment in all the loss to dinner, the best business and pleasure can be profitable, too.

SUNDAY, FEBRUARY 22

BORN today there is a definite quality in your nature which makes it difficult for you to reconcile both sides of your life. Half of your personality is dynamic, positive and quick-acting. The other half is passive, contemplative and thoughtful. While half of you is living a life of dreams, the other is wanting to be up and going.

The stars have given you talent, but it must have direction if it is to find the proper outlet. Misdirected energy can only result in chaos. Your intuitions are exceptionally keen and you must learn to follow them implicitly if you are to keep going in the right direction. Don't be persuaded against your better judgment to do anything or you will discover you have made a costly error.

It is very likely that you have a message for the world, and you have the ability to present it so that all will understand. You have a genuine sympathy for those who are less fortunate than you are, and will want to help in any way that you can.

You have a romantic nature and when you fall in love it will be "head over heels." There will probably be but one such love in your life, so be sure that you grasp it when you find it.

Among those born on this date are: George Washington, U.S. President; Frederic Chopin, pianist and composer; James Russell Lowell and Edna St. Vincent Millay, poets; Rembrandt Peale, portrait painter.

To find what the stars have in store for you tomorrow, select your birthday star and read the corresponding paragraph. Let your birthday star be your daily guide.

MONDAY, FEBRUARY 23

PISCES (Feb. 20-Mar. 20)—Back to work today, with emphasis on making a profit from some speculative venture.

ARIES (Mar. 21-Apr. 20)—Working conditions show a real improvement, and you should make an important professional advance.

TAURUS (Apr. 21-May 21)—Make a fine profit from some property transaction. Real estate is well-favored today.

GEMINI (May 22-June 21)—Select your most important project and get it done today. Don't scatter your interests.

CANCER (June 22-July 22)—You can afford to take a calculated risk at this time. Business is again active.

LEO (July 23-Aug. 22)—Employer-employee relations should now be excellent. Ask most out of life now. This is your day, be so.

SCORPIO (Oct. 24-Nov. 23)—Things turning in your favor now, so act decisively and get into production at once.

SAGITTARIUS (Nov. 24-Dec. 23)—Business should be good again. If looking for a new job, find it now.

CAPRICORN (Dec. 24-Jan. 20)—Take the lead in an important matter and get moving. Profits should be forthcoming.

I want to LIVE! She screamed



Nerve broken, Barbara Graham (Susan Hayward) shrieks, "I Want to Live."

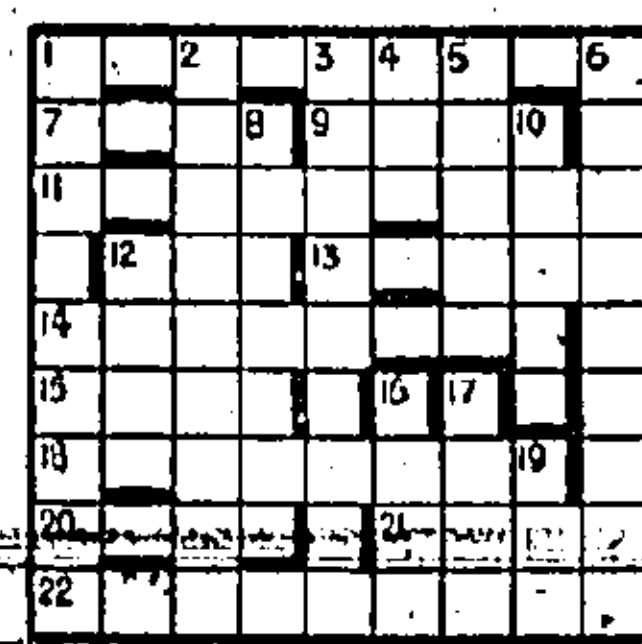
Coward signs for Guinness

NOEL COWARD and Sir Ralph Richardson will be joining Alec Guinness in Sir Carol Reed's production of Graham Greene's "Our Man in Havana." Catching Mr Coward for a screen comeback—apart from a guest appearance in "Around the World in 80 Days," it is his first film in nine years—is the show business coup of the year for Carol Reed.

The other night Sir Carol let the public in on the simple secret of how he managed to sign Coward where so many other producers have been snared by refusals.

Said he "I just rang him up, three weeks ago, and asked him if he would like to do the role in the film. He said if he liked the script he would love to. And that, to my amazement, was that."

CROSSWORD



- Part of London transport (4)
- Carried by jockeys (4)
- Out rigger (4)
- Into tramp (abbr.) (3)
- Bag (3)
- Clinduro giver (5)
- Orkney town (3)
- Behind time (4)
- Mimic (3)
- Fruit of some trees (4)
- Not a pin (4)
- It is found at Troy (4)

- Two pieces (10)
- The two-man ship (5-4)
- Animal (4)
- Ring (4)
- Rejoice (4)
- Small animal (4)
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TARGET



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AT half-past eleven on the morning of June 3, 1955, they took beautiful Barbara Graham from the death cell of St Quentin Prison, California. She staggered the few faltering steps that led to the gas chamber—and there she was put to death.

Society did not lose much. Barbara Graham, in spite of her beauty and a certain culture, was a vicious lot.

As a teenager she was utterly amoral. Early on she became a vicious prostitute, and worked in every dirty angle of the game. She would lure men on, have them drugged; she worked the dope game; she perjured herself a thousand times over.

She was first sent to prison when she failed to beat a rap. When she came out, she married handsome Henry Graham, bartender and dope addict. To him she bore a baby. Then she left him to rejoin two former companions, both gamblers, absolutely worthless characters.

She and her two friends were placed up on a murder charge. A third companion turned State evidence.

The case against Barbara Graham was that she struck a blow with a revolver, which caused the death of an elderly widow, Mildred Monahan. It took the jury five and a half hours to arrive at a verdict of "Guilty as Charged." It took the State of California two years to get Barbara Graham strapped to a chair in the gas chamber of St Quentin Prison.

Now it is all over. It is irrevocable. But somehow the State of California—in particular, and the whole of the U.S.A. in general, has a bad conscience about it. Why?

Apart from the San Francisco Police, the man who did the most to send Barbara to death, and then did the most to save her, was Edward Montgomery. Ed Montgomery is a fiction writer's ideal newspaper man.

During World War II, Ed joined the Marines, and having finished the little bit of trouble on his side of the War, he joined the San Francisco Chronicle, and then the San Francisco Examiner, where he is today.

Ed Montgomery is fearless. He is a journalist with a sense of vocation. He does not care what "pull" anyone has with government or anyone else. When Ed found corruption in high places, he exposed it. They gave him a well deserved Pulitzer Prize for it in 1951.

Edward S. Montgomery worked on the Barbara Graham case, and when he found the weeping sisters playing sentiment, he tore Barbara to shreds. As probably the greatest crime reporter in the world, he led the way and exposed Barbara Graham for what she was.

Then he found himself dissatisfied with the jury's verdict. Immediately he turned about, and led the newspaper the other way. But nothing Montgomery could do would save Barbara Graham from the gas chamber.

What was the evidence? The Prosecution stated that the killing blow with the revolver was made by a right-handed person. Barbara Graham was left handed.

The second point is even more serious, and leaves a nasty taste in everyone's mouth. Barbara's alibi was that she was not at the scene of the murder. Her witnesses: one worthless husband; a six-month-old baby son.

As a congenial liar, Barbara fell easily into a trap the police prepared.

While in prison, she was informed that a friend of a friend of her underworld connections was prepared to sell her an alibi. She bought it in every sense of the word. The policeman stood up in court and produced his evidence on a tape-recorder he had smuggled into goal while he pretended to be selling her an alibi.

In fairness to the San Francisco Police it is necessary to say that they knew what they were up against. But what would an English judge have to say of such procedure?

The inevitable delays took place. A renowned American psychologist was called in. He saw Barbara in ink-blot, books in a room. He declared Barbara utterly amoral—but a person constitutionally unable to kill.

Two years dragged by. It is the night of June 2, 1955, and Barbara is making her peace with God. She has written a letter to Edward Montgomery thanking him for all he has done in trying to save her life.

San Quentin, Calif. June 2, 1955

Dear Mr Montgomery, There isn't much I can say with words, they always fall me when most needed, but please KNOW that with all my heart I have appreciated everything you have done for me.

Sincerely Barbara Graham

She is a Catholic. A priest enters her cell. She wishes to make her confession. No one knows what she said, save Barbara herself, the priest, and God. So the last night passes. And at dawn Barbara is strapped to the chair in the gas chamber. The preparations have been made.

by
JOHN LUFF

The chamber is hygienically clean. It seems somewhat like an aqueduct with a rustic cottage shaped roof. There is glass all around so that the privileged newsmen and officials can better see the victim die. Away behind a cover with remote control to the death house, two chemists work with a scientific application.

It is their duty to see that upon the given moment, pellets of death-dealing vapour explode in the chamber. It is all as bright and spotless as a well-run dairy.

It is the morning of June 3, 1955.

Barbara Graham knows she is to die at 10 a.m., but an hour before that time, Governor Knight orders a delay in execution.

So having made what was presumably her last date, Barbara Graham steals herself to drag out her living hours on hope.

At 10.05 a.m., five minutes later than Barbara's original appointment with death, Governor Knight of California telephones to Warden H.O. Teets of San Quentin Prison, telling him to proceed with the execution because the State Supreme Court and Federal court had refused to intervene.

★ ★ ★

It is now Warden Teets' unpleasant duty to inform Barbara that the new execution hour is 10.45 a.m.

So the procession forms up, and Barbara is led to the chamber of death where the morbid and the sympathetic ogle around the glass exterior the better to witness her death struggles.

At 10.42 a new petition for habeas corpus is filed with the State Supreme Court.

At 10.46 a.m., another order for delay of execution is sent to San Quentin.

So Barbara Graham, just about to step into the gas chamber is ordered back. As she is taken weeping and hysterical to her cell, she shrieks the shriek that has echoed around the world: "I WANT TO LIVE!"

At 11.12 a.m. the State Supreme Court denied the newest petition. Warden Teets tells Barbara that the revised timetable in the ghastly itinerary between death cell and gas chamber will be 11.30 a.m.

I suppose at even such a moment, an attractive woman likes to look her best, so Barbara Graham did the best she could. Unfortunately, she has to wear a kind of lengthened stethoscope so her dress is somewhat disarranged.

A kindly wardress loans Barbara a sleeping mask so that when dying in the gas chamber, she does not have to meet the eyes of the men crowding round to witness her misery.

Barbara Graham was four minutes late for the last date she made on earth. She was strapped to the chair and her legs were splayed out, somewhat in the shape of a cross as she fought to escape the poisonous fumes.

As the guard captain leaves her in the gas chamber, he whispers: "When you hear the pellets drop, count ten and take a deep breath. It's easier that way."

Barbara asks: "How would you know?"

11.42 a.m. and the doctors are satisfied she is dead. She was 32 years of age. The question now arises, why have I told you all this with such detail, and the answer is because every scrap of this story and more is in the United Artist film, "I Want to Live."

Susan Hayward portrays the martyrdom with a performance rarely equalled in films. The script is based upon Ed Montgomery's reporting.

My first reaction was to campaign as far as I could against the showing of such morbid horror.

My feelings now are that you should see it. But by you, I mean a responsible audience of such years that you can help frame or at least influence legislation.

The film was made by Walter Wagner, a responsible, highly cultured man.

I have it on my authority that the film is made with two doctors in mind. The first: Terrible though it is in subject, it is nevertheless a rare medium for a vivid portrayal of character.



Barbara Graham, strapped in the chair waits for the cyanide pellets to explode.

Look your very best
at the... **GARDEN PARTY,**
For the Dress!

SEE the display of
LATEST SWISS,
ITALIAN, &
FRENCH
NOVELTY FABRICS



QANTAS

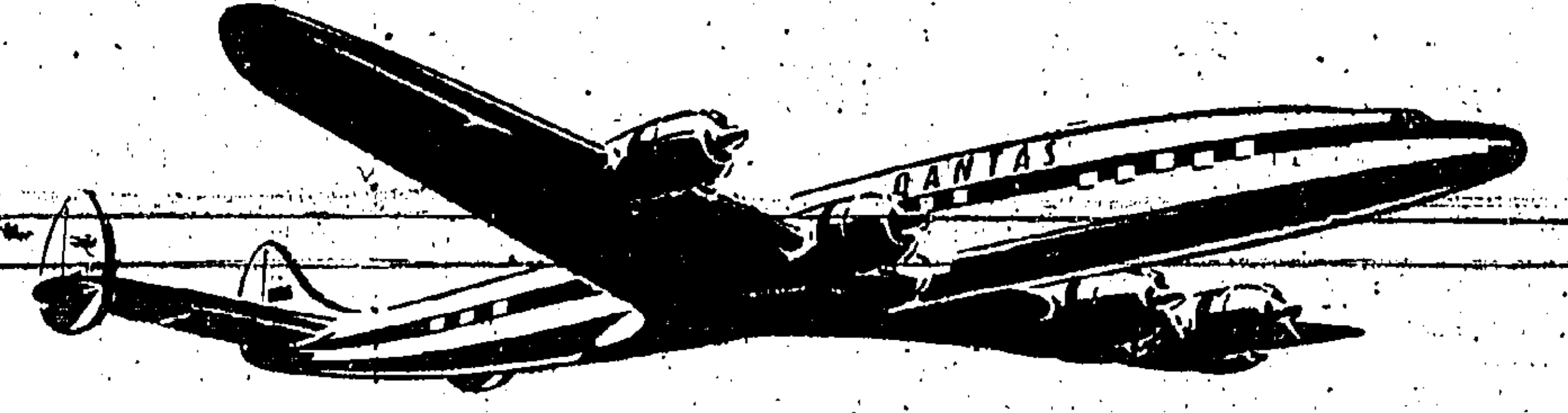
ANNOUNCES

A WEEKLY SERVICE FROM

HONG KONG

TO

NEW GUINEA



At 3.30 p.m. on Wednesday, March 4, and each succeeding Wednesday at the same time, a Qantas radar-equipped Super Constellation will leave Hong Kong for New Guinea, touching down in Port Moresby 15 hours later.

This new Qantas service to Sydney via Manila and Port Moresby provides Hong Kong with a valuable direct air link with New Guinea — an area of growing importance to Hong Kong. See Qantas or your Qantas Travel Agent for full particulars. Early reservations are advisable.

QANTAS

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AN ELIZABETH OF 1958 LOOKS AT THE ELIZABETH OF THE 16th CENTURY

The day the Queen had toothache

ONE by one the lords and bishops of the Privy Council voted on the national emergency. An expert had given witness. A drastic solution had been proposed. One by one the grave voices gave their assent.

What had they assented to? Not to a declaration of war. To the extraction of a tooth. For more than two months Queen Elizabeth I had been racked by toothache. Now the pain had reached a climax which kept her without sleep for 48 hours.

Could it kill her? And if she died, what could prevent her successor from bringing in Spanish troops to restore the Roman faith?

Unanimously the statesmen decided that, even though the Queen hated the idea, the tooth must go. Taking the expert tooth-drawer with them they walked in their furs to the Queen's apartment.

There the Bishop of London stepped forward. Placing his elderly gums he declared that such teeth as he had left were at the Queen's service. He then opened his mouth and allowed the expert to extract a tooth.

The Queen relented. She allowed her tooth to be drawn. The emergency was over. That glimpse over the dentist's shoulder I take from ELIZABETH THE GREAT (Collins, 21s.). The author—the novelist Elizabeth Jenkins—her best known novel *The Tortoise and the Hare*.

She is the first woman during this century to have written a full-length non-fiction book about the greatest English woman of any century.

BRILLIANT

The result is a brilliant success. No other book has ever felt its way so far into Elizabeth's character.

Take her relations with her elder half-sister, the Roman Catholic Queen Mary. When Mary's reign began Protestant Elizabeth came into instant peril.

Soon she would be imprisoned in the Tower to prevent a Protestant rising. But the Roman Catholic Chancellor would be urging that her head should be cut off.

To please Mary, Elizabeth agreed to attend Mass. But the 20-year-old Princess had her own Protestant supporters in mind. She made her reluctance obvious.

On the way to the Chapel Royal she complained of the pain and nausea one of the Queen's women rub her stomach for her. Miss Jenkins notes: "Mary, however, was pathetically pleased by her obedience, and gave her a diamond-and-ruby brooch and a rosary of white coral."

How close the mention of that gift suddenly brings us to the two long-dead women.

Then near the end of Mary's sad reign came a gift from Elizabeth herself. Mary, heavy



"I made some new discoveries..."

The ROBERT PITMAN book page

with droopy, imagined that she was with child. If her hopes had been justified then the Roman Catholic succession was assured and Elizabeth's position would be more perilous than ever.

Yet how did Elizabeth react? Miss Jenkins has found something missed by male historians. She writes: "Elizabeth made baby-things for her—the head bent over these exquisite pieces can seldom have known more disturbing, and complicated thoughts."

TENSE YEARS

And so we come to Elizabeth's own reign. Another Jenkins has ransacked the records for anything which can light up those tense years—from the Queen's great speeches ("Have a care over my people," she told her judges when she gave them a pay rise at the start of her reign. Every man oppresseth them and spoileth them with-out mercy. See unto them, my unto them for they are my charge.") to the Queen's face-pinks (FORMULA: white of egg, powdered egg-shell, alum, borax, white poppy-seeds).

Take the question of the Queen's stockings. When her reign began, the fashion was for women's stockings to be made of inelastic taffeta or cloth which fitted like garters. The moralists denounced anything more glaucous.

RUMOURS

Then in 1580 Elizabeth was given her first pair of knitted silk stockings. See exclusively "I like silk stockings well. They are pleasant, fine and delicate. Henceforth I will wear no more cloth stockings."

Or take the crucial question of whether the Queen would marry and have children.

Again and again Elizabeth Jenkins gets eye-witness reports on the Queen's relations with her life-long favourite, brown-

faced, beak-nosed Robert Dudley. She once wrote a book called *Six Criminal Women* about well-known women poisoners. Things got to such a pass then that one hardly liked her to put a lump of sugar in one's tea.

When Dudley was made Earl of Leicester, the Scots Ambassador wrote home about the moment in the ceremony when the Queen had to fasten the new Earl's ruff.

She could not refrain from putting her hand in his neck, tickling him, the French Ambassador and I standing by."

Then there were the repeated rumours that the Queen was with child by Leicester. Author Jenkins does not believe that the relationship was of quite that kind. Leicester would strut around Elizabeth's bedchamber handing across her underclothes as she dressed. But that was probably the limit of attentions required by the Queen.

As for the rumours, Miss Jenkins again borrows an ambassador's report.

TACTFUL

One October day the Spanish Ambassador found himself in a coach with Elizabeth and one of her ladies-in-waiting. Referring to the talk about her pregnancy, the Queen said: "There are three of us in this coach and some people would make us out four." Smoothly the ambassador remarked that the Queen's people were right in wishing so. Then the Queen demurred.

"And you, who do you wish it was by?" The tactful Spaniard replied that he could not venture to choose for her. What a conversation that is! Doesn't it make you feel as if you too were juggling in that softly-scented coach?

Her author Jenkins, any secret in picking out such details from the past? How does she manage to get inside that small bright-eyed, unmarried woman with pale face and the honey-coloured hair who ruled England so well?

ATMOSPHERE

I went to the house in Hampstead where she lives. In the lighted doorway stood a small, bright-eyed woman with pale face and honey-coloured hair. It was a middle-aged, unmarried Elizabeth Jenkins herself.

Taking me to a ground-floor drawing-room, she talked about her two years of research. She said: "Mostly I worked at the British Museum."

"But I took one word-of-mouth tradition from a Yeoman at the Tower of London. I was wanting to take in some of the atmosphere of the tower where Elizabeth was imprisoned, and I rather hoped he would stop how Elizabeth had to have four guards in front and behind her even when she walked for air on the roof. I have never read about that anywhere."

Miss Jenkins felt at the pearls round her neck. She said: "Elizabeth was badly treated by Victorian historians. She was so different from Queen Victoria, you see."

I WONDERED

"Then there are the Roman Catholic writers. They have been unfair to her too. I am afraid, Mr. Pitman, I have before even wrote that she was as bold as an egg at 30. But the look of grey hair which she gave to Philip Sidney when she was much older still exists."

Miss Jenkins felt at the pearls round her neck. She said: "Elizabeth was badly treated by Victorian historians. She was so different from Queen Victoria, you see."

Then suddenly she leaned forward confidentially. Eagerly she asked me: "Tell me one thing, Mr. Pitman. What do you think of the Earl of Leicester?"

Startled, I mumbled something in reply.

Was it far-fetched to imagine for a moment that an earlier Elizabeth was quizzing me about her favourite man?

Well, after I left her Hampstead house I met a friend of Miss Jenkins, she said: "Elizabeth identifies herself so much."

SHIRLEY BASSEY

—girl with simple ambitions: mink, diamonds and money.

By JOHN LAMBERT

SHIRLEY BASSEY struck an aristocratic pose somewhat at odds with her skin-tight pants, shaggy sweater, and tangerine-coloured hair. In mock-Mayfair accent she said: "I shall know I'm a success when the tax-man calls with his demand and I can say: 'Take it, my man, such money is peanuts to me'."

Miss Bassey is well on the way to her definition of success.

She is the first girl in five years to have two record hits—"Kiss Me, Honey Honey, Kiss Me," and "Ain't I Love You"—in the Top Ten.

She is now busy making her first full-size long-playing record.

And next month she will be starring in a lavish new Folies show in London, designed to show off her smouldering personality.

With cucumber-cool candour she explained: "I know that a lot of people think I'm a big-

head. So what? I know what is best for me, and I go all out to get it."

"Take those two hit records, for instance. The record company wanted to plug the other sides of the records. I didn't—so I carried on plugging the other two. Is it wrong to be right?"

ON STRIKE

"There are theatres where the band nearly goes on strike when I appear. If I had my way they wouldn't get the chance to strike—they would be sacked!"

Seeking to soothe this Callas strain, I asked if she needed anything, outside herself, for success. She curled up on a cushion and answered, cosily:—

"Yes, I would like a nice millionaire to fall for me. I mean a nice, young one. Old, wealthy men give me the willies."

NO REGRETS

She lolled her head on the cushions and looked far less than her 24 years.

"There's a difference between being a femme fatale and getting involved with people, as I have, you know. I mean, I shouldn't think a femme fatale gets hurt, like me."

"Not that I regret any of the things that have happened to me, mind you. If you're singing a song in which you're supposed to be a girl in despair, you can sing it better if you know what it's about. But I'm not hard."

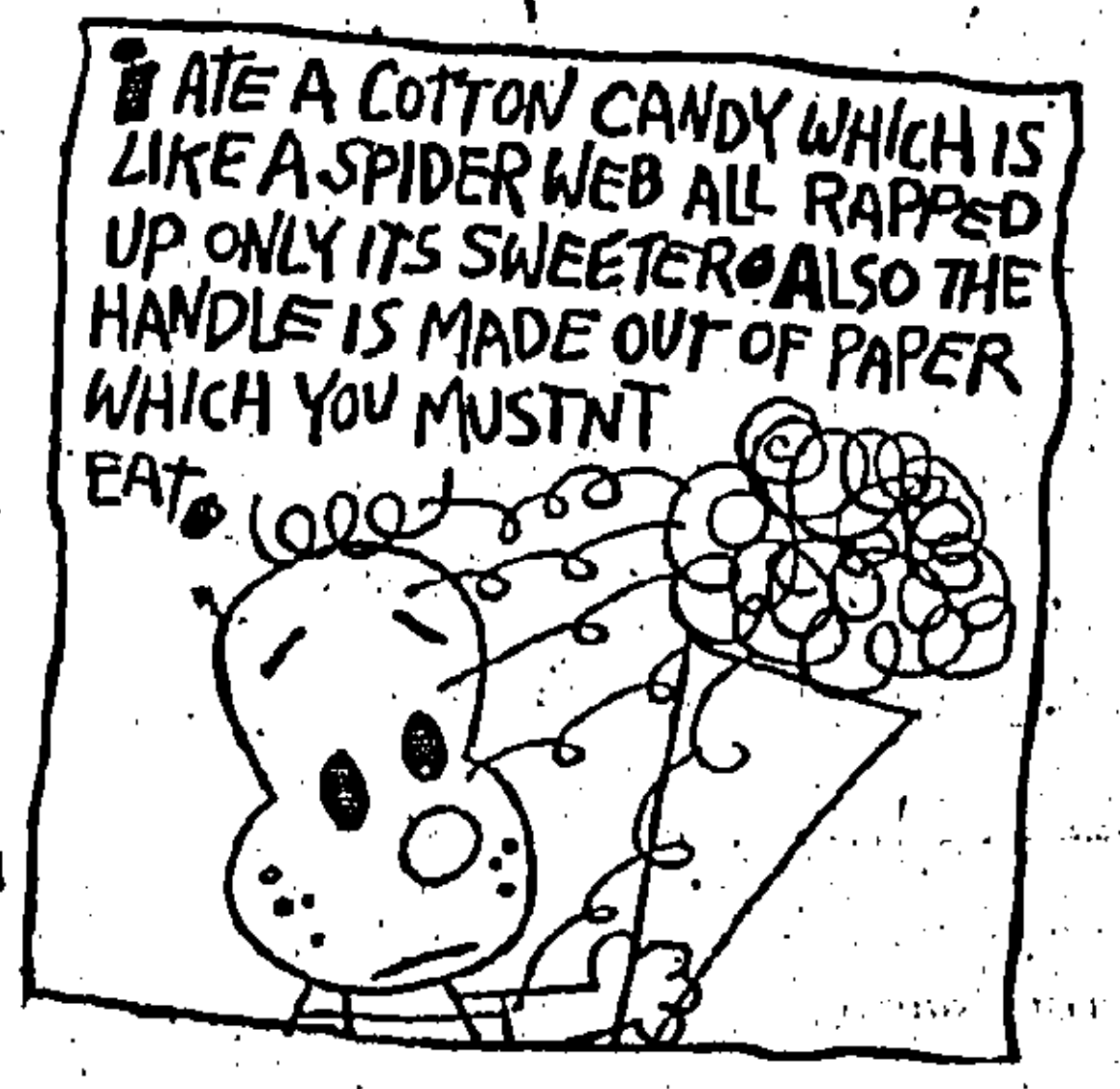
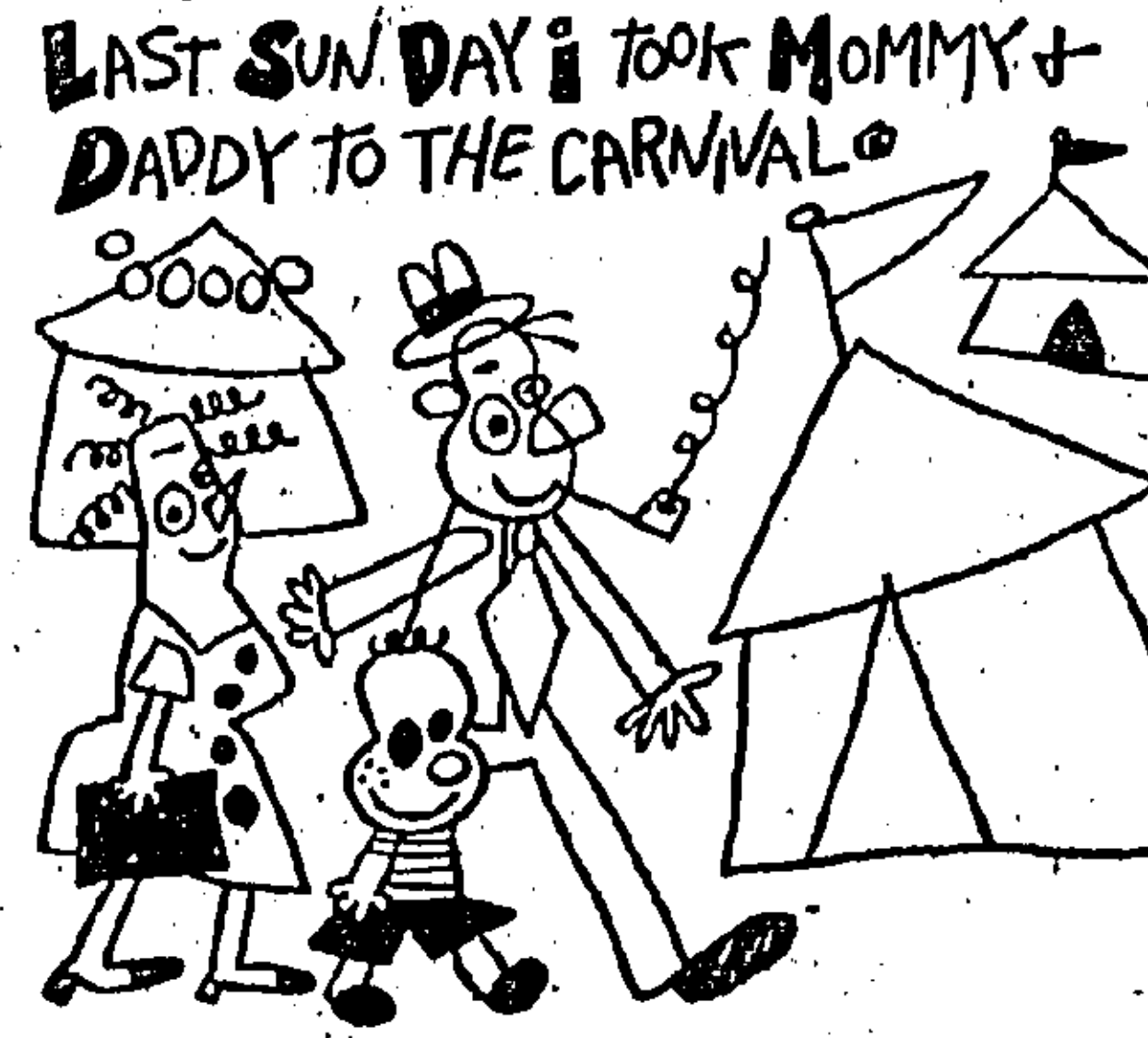
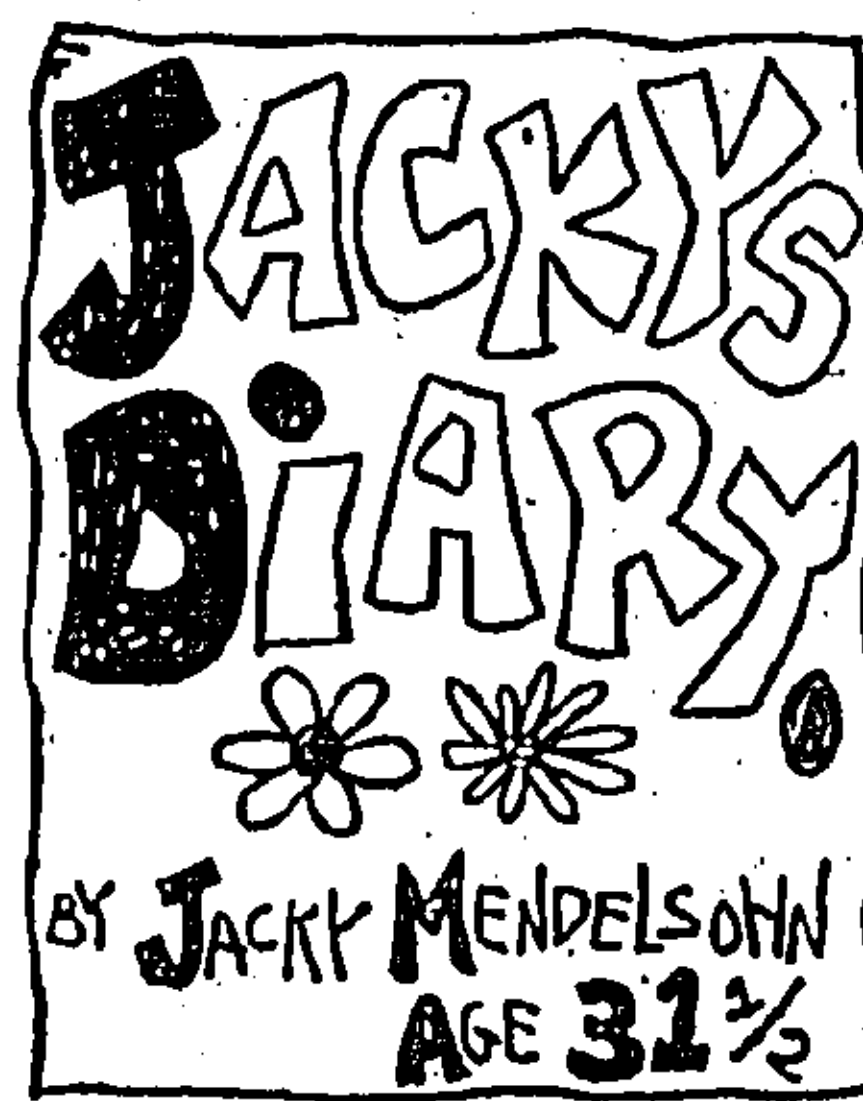
"Mink, diamonds, and money only mean something to me as tangible progress signs. They mean something to me because when I was 10 I packed enamel pans in a factory for 17s a week."

"I know that I will only be a success, as a person, when I achieve happiness."

"That will only happen, I think, when I fall in love with somebody who loves me too. Meanwhile, there must be some compensation."

How The Top Ten Stand In London

- ONE NIGHT I GOT STUNG (R.C.A.) (3) Elvis Presley
- 20 KNOW HIM IS TO LOVE HIM (Decca) (4) Little Richard
- 3 BABY FACE (London) (2) Jane Morgan
- 4 THE DAY THE RAINS CAME (London) (1) KISS ME, HONEY HONEY, KISS ME (Shirley Bassey)
- 5 AS I LOVE YOU (Phillips) (9) Shirley Bassey
- 6 IT'S ONLY MAKE BELIEVE (M.G.M.) (8) Conway Twitty
- 7 PROBLEMS (Mercury) (—) Everly Brothers
- 8 SMOKE GETS IN YOUR EYES (Mercury) (—) Platters
- 9 TOM DOOLEY (Pye-Nixa) (—) Louie Donegan
- 10 FIGURES IN BRACETS (SHOW RECENT PLACINGS) PUBLISHED IN CO-OPERATION WITH NEW MUSICAL EXPRESS. (London Express Service).



An Upper-Class Misfit Falls Out With The Guards

By RICHARD LISTER

THE BREAKING OF BUMBO. By Andrew Sinclair. Faber 15s.

BUMBO is a rare species of young Englishman, a non-conforming Guardee. He is only National Service, of course, and though he has been at Eton, his parents live at Penge.

Not quite, quite, then, end, being highly intelligent, too. He is in constant conflict with his On-or-correct superiors.

In this very promising and often very funny first novel, Mr. Sinclair, himself an Etonian and a double-first in History, tells Bumbo's story from his first recruit squad at Caterham to his forced resignation from the Regiment.

REVIVAL

And he revives for the purpose a device which novelists have dropped in the last two decades—the interior monologue.

While Bumbo sweats and grunts through his drills, his deb dances, his OOTU, his ceremonial parades, his excursions into Chelsea night life and his first fumbling with sex he conducts a bitter, running commentary on himself, his contemporaries and the world he finds himself in. It is his down of protest. For he is really only a reluctant Belgravia.

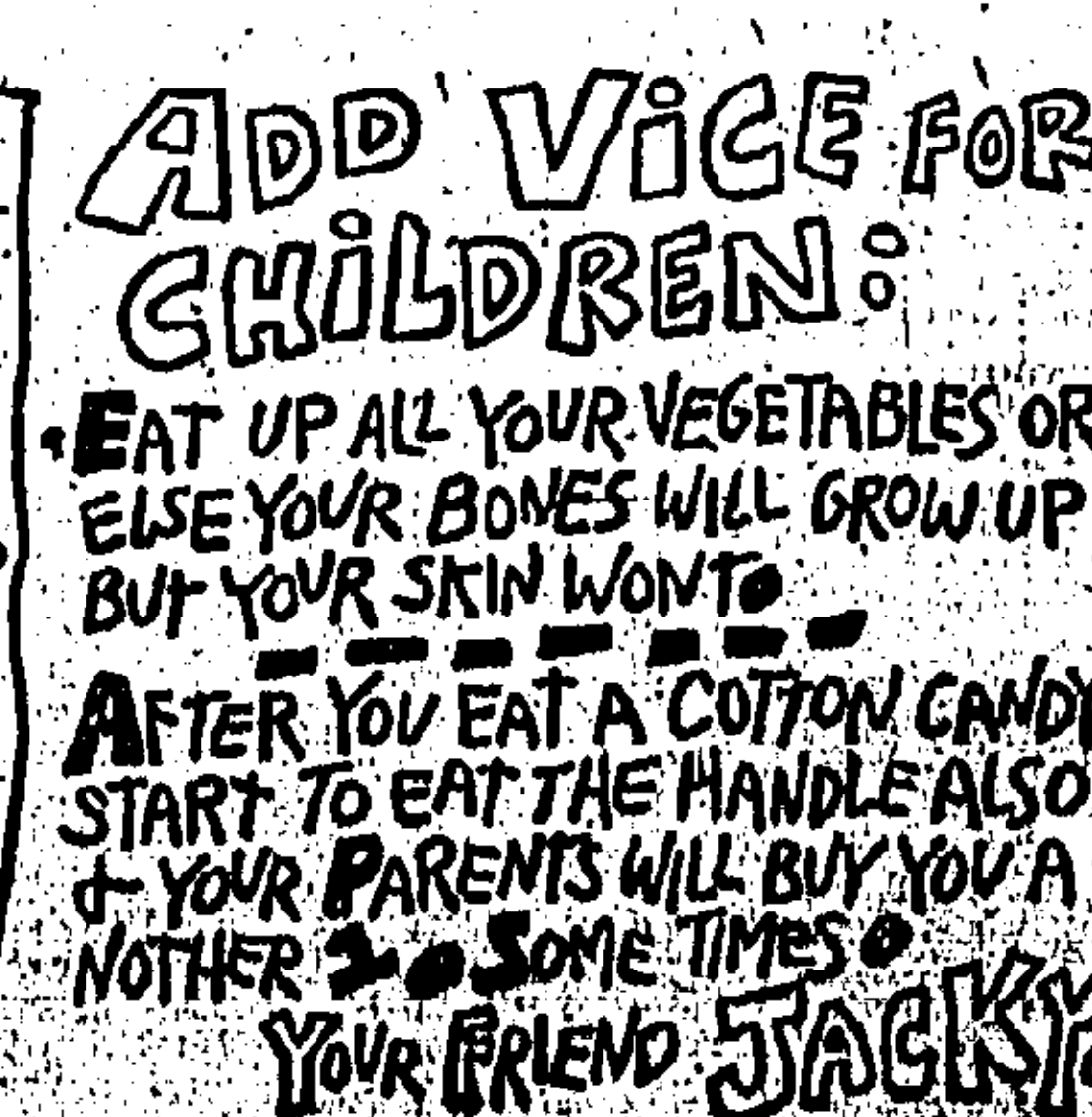
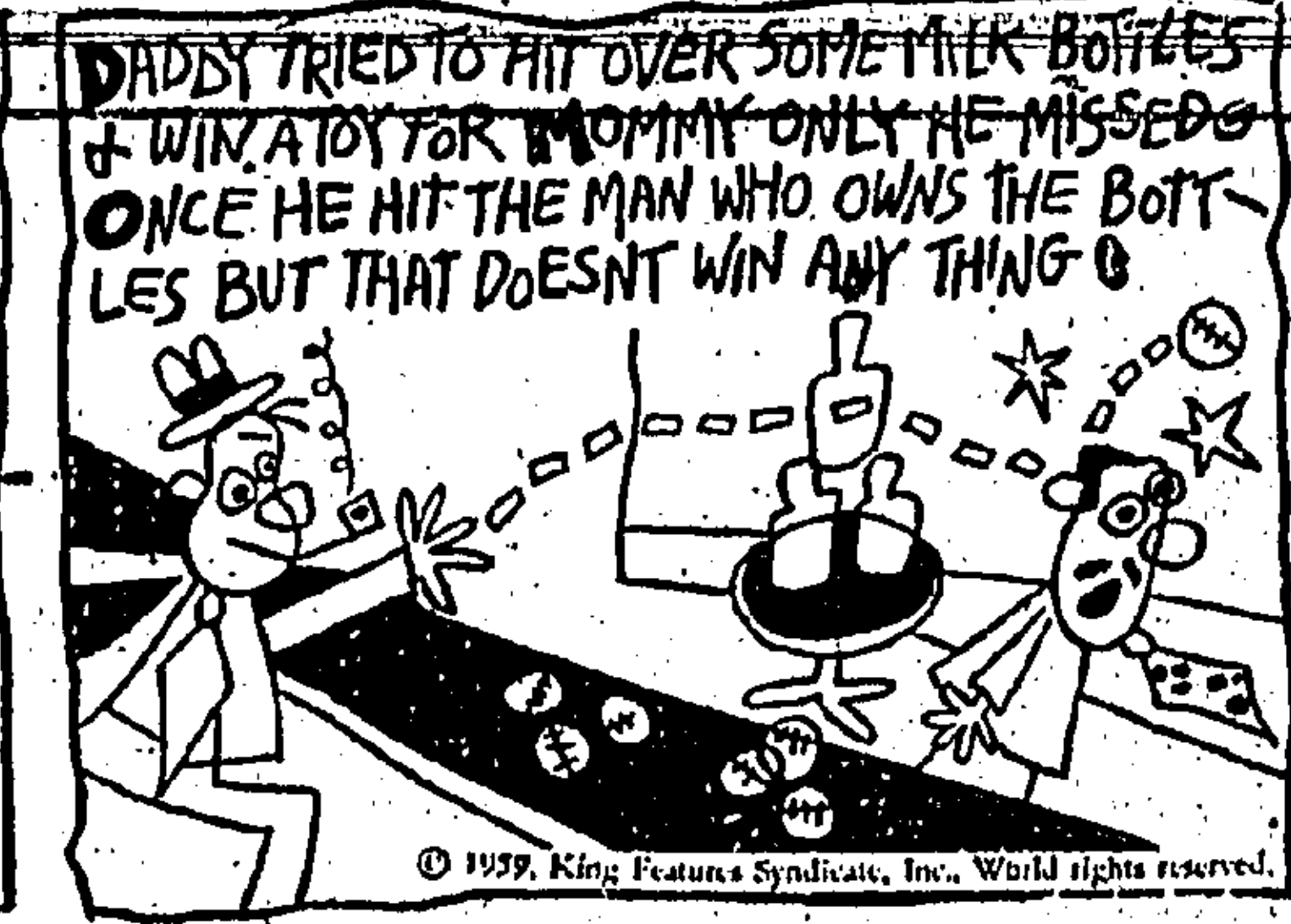
DISASTERS

He is the sort of young man to whom minor disasters are always happening, and he helplessly muffs on attempt to incite his rugby team of young guardmen to mauling.

The Brigade know just how to handle his sort. He is not worth having. A scandal over they quietly shed him. And he is left to make what he can of marrying the rich little girl he failed to seduce but with whom someone else since has been more successful.

This bitter, ironical and very clever first novel paints a devastating portrait of an upper-class misfit, half-clown, half-Hamlet, in this slight little square of Guardee society between Wellington Barracks and Belgravia.

(London Express Service).



Your Radio Listening For Next Week In Detail—A "China Mail" Feature

H.K. BUDGET BROADCAST ON WEDNESDAY

The Financial Secretary, the Hon. A. G. Clarke, will broadcast his annual Budget talk on Wednesday at 7.15 p.m.

This year the Budget is followed by the Urban Council elections on March 3, and every evening at 7.30 a candidate will speak for five minutes. Nominations for the election do not close until Monday afternoon and details of speakers will be given in the Press.

Montgomery

On September 18, 1958, Field-Marshal Viscount Montgomery of Alamein retired from his post as Deputy Supreme Allied Commander in Europe, bringing to a close a career of fifty years' unbroken service to the British Army.

The BBC has marked the occasion in a radio portrait, Montgomery of Alamein, which is scheduled by radio, who knew him at every stage of his career, including President Eisenhower.

The feature covers the time he arrived in the Royal Warwickshire Regiment, the two World Wars and his final service at SHAPE headquarters. Produced by Laurence Gilliam, Montgomery of Alamein can be heard over Radio Hong Kong on Tuesday evening at 8.15.

The Goons

The scene of the Vintage Goons this Saturday night is "Fort Night," a lonely British outpost somewhere in Africa. Handsome Harry Seagoon is once again the hero of a thrilling tale of adventure and

Marooned

Every Saturday at 8.30 in "Castaway's Choice," Ted Thomas interviews a well-known personality and asks them to select six favourite records.

This Saturday's personality is Radio Hong Kong's own Alleen Woods, the lady of Down Memory Lane fame, who since 1946 has been responsible for most of the station's light music programmes, and who recently was awarded an MBE for her work.

Alleen and her twin sister, Doris, were very gifted artists, and sang and danced in many parts of the world, from Broadway to South Africa to Hong Kong.

Radio programmes do not necessarily reflect the compiler's tastes, so it should be interesting to find out what someone who has thousands of records at her disposal, would like to have with her should she be marooned on a desert island, as well as to hear interesting and colourful anecdotes of her life story.

Music Festival

Since the school year began in September, school children and teachers have been preparing for their annual music festival—this year the eleventh—which

is to open on Tuesday at the Queen Elizabeth School in Kowloon.

On Monday evening at 8.10, Irene Yuen will present a special programme on the Hong Kong Schools Music Festival, in which there will be an interview with its founder, Donald Fraser, the Education Department's Organiser of Music and another with this year's adjudicator, the distinguished musician, Maurice Jacobson, who has come to Hong Kong especially for the event.

H.K. Philharmonic

The concert to be given by the Hong Kong Philharmonic Orchestra on Wednesday night at the Loke Yew Hall will be recorded by Radio Hong Kong, and excerpts will be broadcast on Friday night at 8 p.m.

Under its regular conductor, Arrigo Foa, the orchestra will play a programme of well-known works, the highlight of which is Beethoven's Piano Concerto No. 4 in G major, with the brilliant pianist, Annarosa Taddei, as soloist.

Double Bill

On Thursday evening at 8.15, Radio Hong Kong presents a double play-bill.

One is The Fugitives, a short story by Peter Fleming adapted for radio by John Manchip White. The two fugitives are played by John Caswell and Rol Oblitas, and the play is produced by Valerie Fry.

Darbies And Joans

The threads which link together this week's edition of Patchwork are grey and silver, as the theme of the programme is "Darbies and Joans". Among the items that George Fowler will be introducing in



Lord Montgomery Fifty years' service.

by Joan Ramago. The cast includes Joan Marie, Norman Barnes and Bill Darwood.

This fortnightly magazine programme is a famous Darby and Joan couple reminiscing about their theatrical careers, their about Europe and Pierre Curie by Gil Crowe; poetry by Shakespeare and Yeats, and music ranging from Sophie Tucker singing "Life Begins at Forty" to Kirsten Flagstad singing a Bach aria.

Produced by Gillian Durling, Patchwork takes the air at 9.30 p.m. on Wednesday.

SATURDAY, FEB. 21

7.00 p.m. THE NEWS.
7.05 COMMENTARY.
7.10 HOME NEWS FROM BRITAIN.
7.15 SPORTS ROUND-UP.
7.20 FROM THE WEEKLIES.
7.25 FROM THE WEEKLIES.
7.30 MUSIC IN THE AIR.
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12.00 MUSIC IN THE AIR.

SUNDAY, FEB. 22

7.00 p.m. THE NEWS.
7.05 COMMENTARY.
7.10 HOME NEWS FROM BRITAIN.
7.15 SPORTS ROUND-UP.
7.20 FROM THE WEEKLIES.
7.25 FROM THE WEEKLIES.
7.30 MUSIC IN THE AIR.
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MONDAY, FEB. 23

7.00 p.m. THE NEWS.
7.05 COMMENTARY.
7.10 HOME NEWS FROM BRITAIN.
7.15 SPORTS ROUND-UP.
7.20 FROM THE WEEKLIES.
7.25 FROM THE WEEKLIES.
7.30 MUSIC IN THE AIR.
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12.00 MUSIC IN THE AIR.

TUESDAY, FEB. 24

7.00 p.m. THE NEWS.
7.05 COMMENTARY.
7.10 HOME NEWS FROM BRITAIN.
7.15 SPORTS ROUND-UP.
7.20 FROM THE WEEKLIES.
7.25 FROM THE WEEKLIES.
7.30 MUSIC IN THE AIR.
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12.00 MUSIC IN THE AIR.

WEDNESDAY, FEB. 25

7.00 p.m. THE NEWS.
7.05 COMMENTARY.
7.10 HOME NEWS FROM BRITAIN.
7.15 SPORTS ROUND-UP.
7.20 FROM THE WEEKLIES.
7.25 FROM THE WEEKLIES.
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THURSDAY, FEB. 26

7.00 p.m. THE NEWS.
7.05 COMMENTARY.
7.10 HOME NEWS FROM BRITAIN.
7.15 SPORTS ROUND-UP.
7.20 FROM THE WEEKLIES.
7.25 FROM THE WEEKLIES.
7.30 MUSIC IN THE AIR.
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FRIDAY, FEB. 27

7.00 p.m. THE NEWS.
7.05 COMMENTARY.
7.10 HOME NEWS FROM BRITAIN.
7.15 SPORTS ROUND-UP.
7.20 FROM THE WEEKLIES.
7.25 FROM THE WEEKLIES.
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SATURDAY, FEB. 21

works most frequently heard at 12.00 Midday. THE NEWS.
12.05 COMMENTARY.
12.10 HOME NEWS FROM BRITAIN.
12.15 SPORTS ROUND-UP.
12.20 FROM THE WEEKLIES.
12.25 FROM THE WEEKLIES.
12.30 MUSIC IN THE AIR.
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SUNDAY, FEB. 22

7.00 p.m. THE NEWS.
7.05 COMMENTARY.
7.10 HOME NEWS FROM BRITAIN.
7.15 SPORTS ROUND-UP.
7.20 FROM THE WEEKLIES.
7.25 FROM THE WEEKLIES.
7.30 MUSIC IN THE AIR.
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MONDAY, FEB. 23

7.00 p.m. THE NEWS.
7.05 COMMENTARY.
7.10 HOME NEWS FROM BRITAIN.
7.15 SPORTS ROUND-UP.
7.20 FROM THE WEEKLIES.
7.25 FROM THE WEEKLIES.
7.30 MUSIC IN THE AIR.
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TUESDAY, FEB. 24

7.00 p.m. THE NEWS.
7.05 COMMENTARY.
7.10 HOME NEWS FROM BRITAIN.
7.15 SPORTS ROUND-UP.
7.20 FROM THE WEEKLIES.
7.25 FROM THE WEEKLIES.
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WEDNESDAY, FEB. 25

7.00 p.m. THE NEWS.
7.05 COMMENTARY.
7.10 HOME NEWS FROM BRITAIN.
7.15 SPORTS ROUND-UP.
7.20 FROM THE WEEKLIES.
7.25 FROM THE WEEKLIES.
7.30 MUSIC IN THE AIR.
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THURSDAY, FEB. 26

7.00 p.m. THE NEWS.
7.05 COMMENTARY.
7.10 HOME NEWS FROM BRITAIN.
7.15 SPORTS ROUND-UP.
7.20 FROM THE WEEKLIES.
7.25 FROM THE WEEKLIES.
7.30 MUSIC IN THE AIR.
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THE TEACHER BIRD

JIMMY was spending a week at Aunt Bertha's and Uncle Carl's farm. Now he'd have a chance to do some real farming himself. He was not allowed to dig even one scoopful of dirt in the smooth, green lawn around the big apartment building where he lived.

When he got to the house garden he stopped short. He wasn't sure how to begin!

Just then Aunt Bertha came out of the house to feed Shag, the dog.

"Aunt Bertha," Jimmy said hesitatingly, "Would you mind teaching me a little about farming?"

Aunt Bertha put her strong, brown hands on her hips and said, "You have a good teacher right there on the fence post!"

"Oh, that's a brown thrasher, isn't it?" Jimmy recognized the bird from the picture in his book.

"Farmers like to call him the planter bird. He can teach you all about planting. If you listen carefully you will hear the words in his song:

"Hurry up, hurry up. Plough it up, plough it up. Harrow it, harrow it. Drop it, drop it. Cover it up, cover it up. The seed is up!"

"Yes!" Jimmy cried. "Now I know. I plough up the land by turning it over; then I'll rake it; then I'll drop the seeds in a neat row; then I'll cover them up with some loose dirt...when the plants are grown I'll pull up the harvest!"

Aunt Bertha nodded. "He not only teaches farming but he also teaches that it is harmful to grow plants in a garden."

"I'll never forget how to farm now," he told Aunt Bertha as he began spading the ground.

"The planter bird is a good teacher."

— Evelyn Witter



"You have a good teacher right there on the fence."

The Origin Of Words

HAVE you ever wondered how a certain word originated? The word "Bible," for instance?

It all goes back to more than 1,000 years before Christ—when the Phoenicians lived on the eastern shores of the Mediterranean Sea in the area now known as Lebanon.

At that time paper was unknown. Writing material was made from the tall reed-like papyrus plant. Slices of this plant were laid side by side, in layers at right angles, and pressed together with an

adhesive, then glued end to end to form sheets. This writing material, also, was called papyrus and it is this papyrus that the ancient Egyptians, Greeks and Romans used for all of their manuscripts.

At that time the port of Byblos (near the Mediterranean Sea just above Beirut, the present capital of Lebanon) was famous for the quantity of papyrus it exported. The Greeks, who imported it, gradually began referring to all papyrus as "biblos" and this was the source of their word for book.

Much later on, when the scriptures were assembled into

one book, it became known as the Bible, meaning The Book. From this one word—biblos—we have what might be called a "family" of English words. For instance:

"Biblical," pertaining to the Bible.

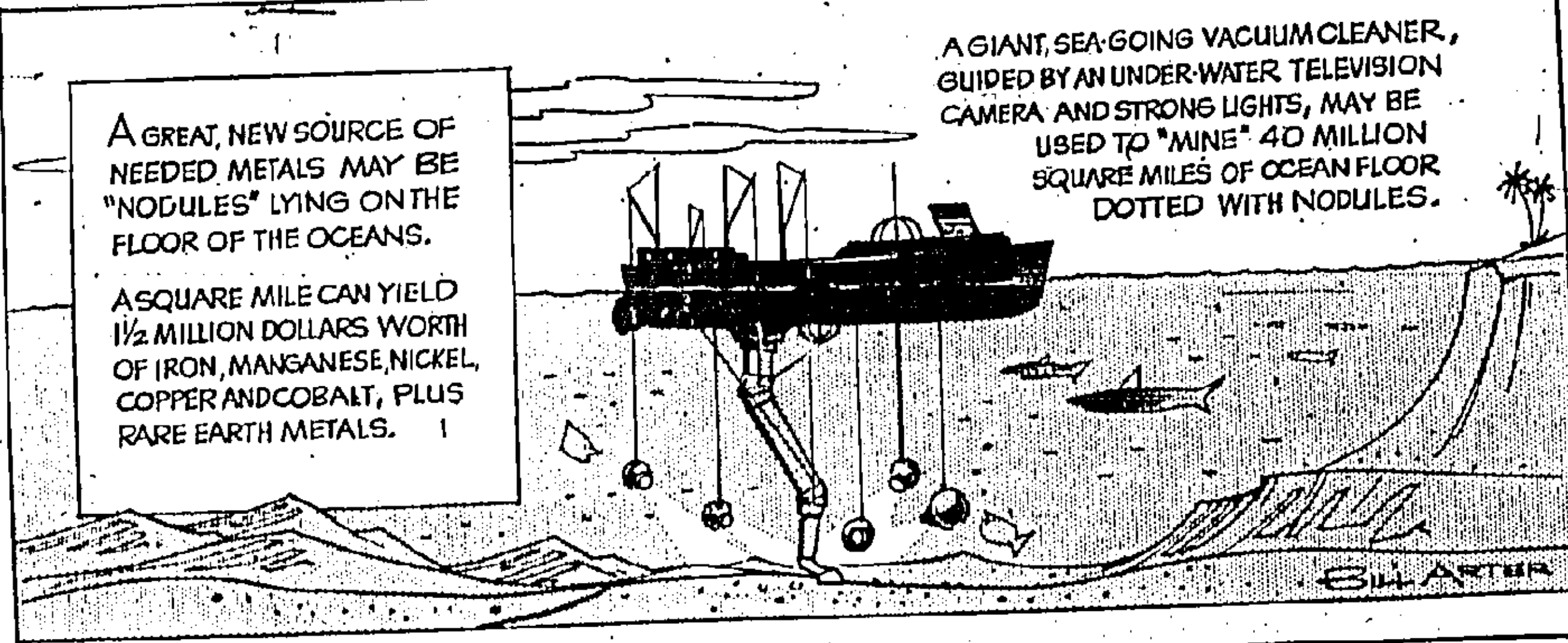
A person who is an expert in the making of books, who knows the history as well as the value of books, is known as a "bibliographer." "Bibliography" is the history of descriptions of books, or a list of writings relating to a certain subject or author. "Bibliographic" and "bibliographical" are ad-

jectives we use in connection with the history of books. The love of books is called "bibliophilia" but there is a difference between one who loves books for their contents (a bibliophile) and one who loves them for their handsome bindings (a bibliopege or a bibliopetist).

A person who has an exceedingly great desire to buy and collect rare books is sometimes known as a "bibliomane." If he steals books he is a "bibliopet." A library may be called a "bibliotheca."

One of the newest words of this group is "bibliofilm," which is a microfilm used, especially for photographing books.

ABOUT SEA "MINING"



A GREAT, NEW SOURCE OF NEEDED METALS MAY BE "NODULES" LYING ON THE FLOOR OF THE OCEANS. AS SQUARE MILE CAN YIELD 1 1/2 MILLION DOLLARS WORTH OF IRON, MANGANESE, NICKEL, COPPER AND COBALT, PLUS RARE EARTH METALS.

A GIANT, SEA-GOING VACUUM CLEANER, GUIDED BY AN UNDER-WATER TELEVISION CAMERA AND STRONG LIGHTS, MAY BE USED TO "MINE" 40 MILLION SQUARE MILES OF OCEAN FLOOR DOTTED WITH NODULES.

Mr. Punch's Roundup

—Knarf And Hanid Get Their Wish The Easy Way—

By MAX TRELL

On hearing this, Mr. Punch was silent for a minute or two. Then he smiled.

Under the window, his eyes shut, was his old friend Mr. Punch.

Knarf gave Mr. Punch a shake. Instantly Mr. Punch opened his eyes.

"Good morning, Mr. Punch," said Knarf and Hanid.

Mr. Punch frowned.

"It isn't morning," he said. "It's the afternoon. But what is it you want?"

"We wanted to know if you'd go somewhere with us," Hanid explained.

Go Where?

"Go with you?" said Mr. Punch. "Where?"

"To Oklahoma," said Knarf. Mr. Punch looked very surprised.

"We want to go to Oklahoma," said Hanid, "because Knarf wants to be a cowboy and I want to be a cowgirl."

Pretend You're In The Country

LOG cabins are fun to build. Cut it so that the notch will fit snugly over another log. Now you need logs for a log cabin. Here's how to make them. You will need some brown paper. For each log you will need a piece two inches by six inches. Roll it around a pencil to make a log. Tape it together. A short distance from each end, cut a notch. Cut it so that the notch will fit snugly over another log. Now start building your cabin. Try making the walls four or five logs high. A place of brown paper, folded in two, will make your roof. Build a central for your horses, too. Make it two logs high, square together. A short distance from each end, cut a notch. There's your

Knarf and Hanid waited for Mr. Punch to tell them his better idea than going to Oklahoma. Mr. Punch stood up and put on his hat and coat. He waited until Knarf and Hanid had done the same.

Then he said:

"The most important thing for a cowboy to have is a horse. Now I'm going to take you to a place where each of you can have a horse."

"Is it a corral?" asked Knarf.

Mr. Punch nodded. "Come along!" he said. "It's just a very short walk."

So out went Mr. Punch with Knarf and Hanid. Down the street they walked until they reached the park. Then they stopped at last in front of an open place.

"There," said Mr. Punch, "are plenty of horses. There's one for Hanid and one for Knarf and even one for me."

Knarf and Hanid stared at the horses in astonishment.

"Mr. Punch!" they shouted. "They're not real horses! They're merry-go-round horses!"

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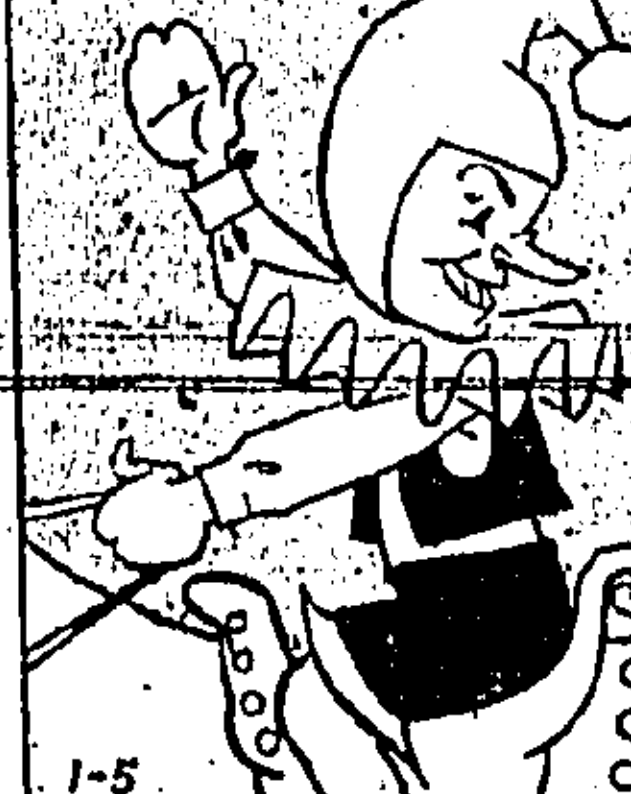
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Mr. Punch motioned to the horse behind him.

But Mr. Punch had already jumped on a gold-colored horse with a bright yellow saddle. He motioned to a silver horse and a red horse in front of and behind him.

"Hurry up! Jump on, cowboys! The roundup is about to begin!"

At that moment the music started. The horses started racing, round and round and the three cowboys went on their merry-go-round-up!

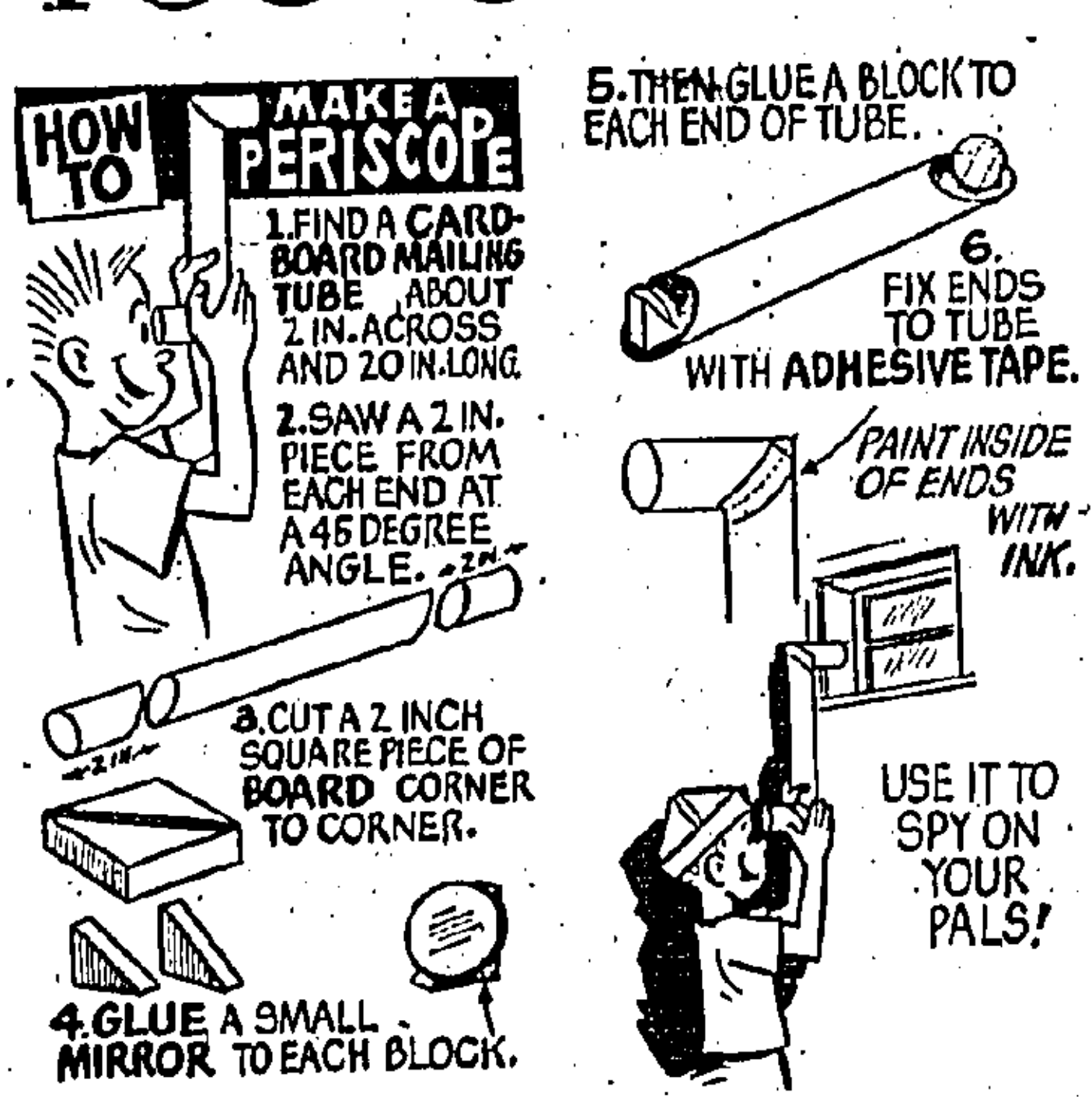
Rupert and the Secret Boat—37



The young sea serpent is so interested in the first boat it has ever seen that Rupert takes it. "It's a secret," he says, "but you can push it round if you like." The other things that is a grand idea and soon they are slowly moving in the little boat.

ALL RIGHTS RESERVED

SEE WHAT YOU CAN DO



HOW TO MAKE A PERISCOPE

1. FIND A CARDBOARD MAILING TUBE ABOUT 2 IN. ACROSS AND 20 IN. LONG.

2. SAW A 2 IN. PIECE FROM EACH END AT A 45 DEGREE ANGLE.

3. CUT A 2 INCH SQUARE PIECE OF BOARD CORNER TO CORNER.

4. GLUE A SMALL MIRROR TO EACH BLOCK.

5. THEN GLUE A BLOCK TO EACH END OF TUBE.

6. FIX ENDS TO TUBE WITH ADHESIVE TAPE.

7. PAINT INSIDE OF ENDS WITH INK.

USE IT TO SPY ON YOUR PALS!

8. CUT A 2 INCH SQUARE PIECE OF BOARD CORNER TO CORNER.

9. GLUE A SMALL MIRROR TO EACH BLOCK.

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THE HONG KONG JOCKEY CLUB

9TH (ANNUAL) RACE MEETING

Saturday 28th February, Wednesday 4th and

Saturday 14th March, 1959

(To be held under the Rules of the Hong Kong Jockey Club)

THE PROGRAMME WILL CONSIST OF 30 RACES.

There will be 11 races on each of the 1st and 2nd days and 8 races on the 3rd day.

The first bell will be rung at 11.30 a.m. and the first race run at 12.00 Noon on the 1st and 2nd days. On the 3rd day the first bell will be rung at 1.30 p.m. and the first race run at 2.00 p.m.

The 15th interval is after the fourth race (1.30 p.m.) on the 1st and 2nd days.

The Secretary's Office at Alexandra House will close at 10.00 a.m. on the 1st and 2nd days, and at 11.45 a.m. on the 3rd day.

MEMBERS' ENCLOSURE

NO PERSON WITHOUT A BADGE WILL BE ADMITTED.

All persons MUST wear their badges prominently displayed throughout the Meeting.

Admission Badges at \$10.00 each per day are obtainable prior to the Meeting from the Club's Cash Sweep Offices, at Queen's Building, Chater Road, D'Aguiar Street and Nathan Road, Kowloon, only on the written introduction of a Member, and on production of his Guest Record Card. Members are limited to 6 guests each Race Day, and will be responsible for all guests introduced by them.

GUEST BADGES WILL NOT BE AVAILABLE AT THE RACE COURSE ON RACE DAYS.

Tickets will be obtainable at the Club House if ordered in advance from the No. 1 Box (Tel. 72811).

The 6th Floor is restricted to Members, and Ladies wearing Lady's Brooches.

NO CHILDREN will be admitted to the Club's premises during the Meeting. For this purpose a Child is a person under the age of seventeen years, Western Standard.

PUBLIC ENCLOSURE

The price of admission will be \$3.00 each per day payable at the Gate.

Any person leaving the Enclosure will be required to pay the requisite fee of \$3.00 in order to gain re-admission.

MEALS and REFRESHMENTS will be obtainable in the RESTAURANT.

SERVANTS

Servants must remain in their employers' boxes except for passing through on their duties. They may on no account use the Betting Booths or Pay Out Booths in the Enclosures.

CASH SWEEPS

The Third day of the Meeting previously advertised, for Saturday 14th March, has been postponed to Saturday 14th March, and all Cash Sweep tickets dated 7th March 1959 will be valid for the Meeting on 14th March, 1959.

Although Through Tickets cannot normally be purchased for each day of a Meeting unless there is an interval of at least five days between each day an exception is being made for the Annual Race Meeting. Through Cash Sweep tickets, therefore, at \$22 each per day for the 1st and 2nd days and \$16 for the 3rd day, or \$60 for the three days of the Meeting may be obtained from the Cash Sweep Offices at Queen's Building (Chater Road) and 5, D'Aguiar Street during normal office hours and until 10.00 a.m. on each day of the Meeting.

Particular numbers within the series 1 to 3,000 may be reserved for all race meetings as Through Tickets. Such tickets will be issued consecutively only and the right is reserved by the Stewards to cancel any reservation for Through Tickets for a particular Meeting if it is found that sales may not reach the number reserved in the series 1 to 3,000.

Tickets reserved and available but not paid for by 10.00 a.m. on Friday, 27th February, 1959, will be sold and the reservation cancelled for future Meetings.

Tickets over 3,000 will also be issued consecutively but particular numbers cannot be reserved as Through Tickets.

The reservation of any particular number does not confer on the registered holder any rights whatsoever unless the ticket bearing the appropriate number is issued to and can be produced by the holder.

The Stewards reserve the right to refuse any subscription also the right to remove any name from Subscription Lists without stating reasons for their action.

Tickets for the Cash Sweep on the last race of the Meeting at \$2.00 each and Tickets for the Special Cash Sweep on the Hong Kong Derby scheduled to be run on 2nd May, 1959, at \$2.00 each may be obtained from the Cash Sweep Offices at—

Queen's Building (Chater Road) and 5, D'Aguiar Street Hong Kong on—

Week-days, Mondays to Fridays . . . 9 a.m. to 5 p.m.

Saturday 21st February . . . 9 a.m. to 12.30 p.m.

Saturday 28th February and Wednesday 4th March . . . 9 a.m. to 10 a.m.

Saturday 14th March . . . 9 a.m. to 11 a.m.

King's Road, North Point, Hong Kong and 382 Nathan Road, Kowloon on—

Week-days, Mondays to Fridays . . . 10 a.m. to 4 p.m.

Saturday 21st February . . . 9 a.m. to 11.45 a.m.

Saturday 14th March . . . 9 a.m. to 11 a.m.

TOTALISATOR

Buckers are advised not to destroy or throw away their tickets until after the "all clear" signal has been exhibited.

ALL WINNING TICKETS AND TICKETS FOR REFUNDS MUST BE PRESENTED FOR PAYMENT AT THE RACE COURSE ON THE DAY TO WHICH THEY REFER, NOT LATER THAN ONE HOUR AFTER THE TIME FOR WHICH THE LAST RACE OF THE DAY HAS BEEN SCHEDULED TO BE RUN.

PAYMENT WILL NOT BE MADE ON TORN OR DISFIGURED TICKETS.

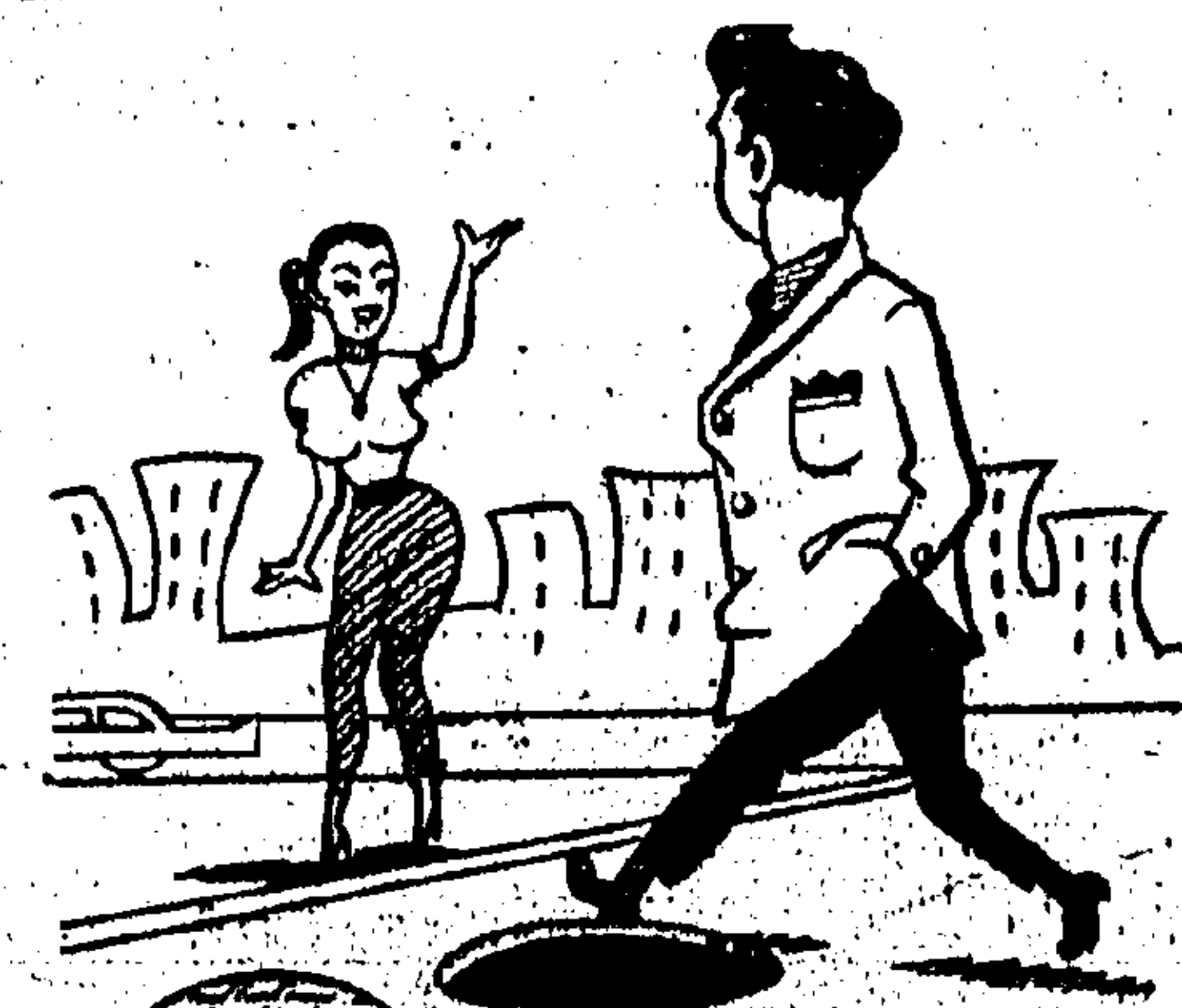
Bookmakers, Tie Tac men, etc. will not be permitted to operate within the precincts of the Hong Kong Jockey Club.

By Order of the Stewards,

A. E. ARNOLD,

Secretary.

Hong Kong, 21st February, 1959.



And it's also a mistake . . . to be without REDIFFUSION TELEVISION!

ARMY UNIT RUGBY SEMI-FINAL TODAY

5th Field's Better Pack Gives Them Slight Edge Over 1st Royal Tanks

By PAK LO

With the end of the Hexangular Tournament, rugby fans' interest switches to the Army Unit Knockout Competition, one semi-final of which will be played off this afternoon.

The Final is now arranged for 2.30 p.m. on the 28th of this month on the Police ground in Boundary Street. Out at Sekong, and not at Boundary Street, as originally advertised, the semi-finalists, 5th Field Regiment and 1st Royal Tanks, "dark horse" of the Tournament, clash at 3.00 p.m.

Club "B" will also be seen in action, this afternoon, on the Sookunpoo ground at 4.30 p.m. against the Navy, and this game should provide plenty of thrills for the two teams are well matched.

The Whitfield Wanderers also take the field again against the RAF at Boundary Street at 4.00 p.m.

The match between the Green Howards and 32nd Medium has been postponed again to Monday at 3.00 p.m. on the Sookunpoo ground.

Today's semi-final 5th Field, who had a clear cut win by 15-0 in the previous round over the 1st Lancers, are reckoned the most likely to go through to the final, though the result in this case may well be reversed, for the 1st Tanks are rather an unknown force and they too won convincingly against Victoria whom they dumped out of the running by beating them by 18-3.

Without Their Star

The Tanks it is reported will probably be without their star, Bede-Cox, who is still nursing a broken finger, though he himself stated sometime back that he hoped to be fit in time to take part.

Overall the 5th Field have the slightly better back division and this should see them through, for their forwards are capable of holding the Tanks.

In the other game the Navy XV is a good one and one which is sure to give Club "B" a hard battle. If the weather and grounds are still damp this afternoon, this game will definitely develop into a forward battle, and the "B" forwards have always shone in a game of this type. They now play as a well co-ordinated force, and should win this game by a small margin.

If, however, the ground is dry the Navy with their strong three line of which Grest and Beck are the main danger, should win this game by a small margin.

First Time

Although this will be the first time the Whitfield Wanderers have taken the field for some time, they are not new to the game.

The last few weeks with Army South, and as a result today's XV has a very strong back line, and one which should play well in the RAF, who lost their touch in the last couple of games.

The RAF forwards have not been getting together too well of late but the Wanderers are not as strong as usual in the pack and this may give the army a chance to settle down, and get their back line moving, but with Sanderson in the centre to form the backbone of the defence the Wanderers look like adding another scalp to their belt today.

The Blarney Stone seven-a-side tournament is still not attracting a lot of entries and to date not a single Army Unit has entered, though it is known that plenty of them are being arranged. The sooner the entries are in the better, for the organisers must work out the arrangements.

Already some of the Civilian sevens are in training, and the Navy are entering six or more sevens, and some of them will be very strong as there is an Australian ship due in the near future.

Rotelli will not be available to enter, which will probably bring forth a sigh of relief from some of the other sevens, though she will be coming in later on in the month and hopes to play a return match against Club "A".

Bank-Club Game

The annual Bank-Club fixture has now been finalised for 7.00 p.m. on the Club ground on March 18, and the Club are holding a Steak and Kidney Dinner after the game to wind up their season. A large attendance is expected for this, as the Club will be inviting guests from the Police and the Services.

A cocktail party is also scheduled by the Club for the

Taiwanese after the Club-Taiwan game on March 2 and details of this will be available for Club members in the Clubhouse.

Today's Teams

Club "B": Steward, Brown, Melrose, Hull, Spencer, Wiggett, Laville, Thevles, Kilvert, Turner, Barnes, Walker, Utley, Hooper, Ross.

Navy: Marshall, Grest, Beck, Barnett, Heath, Watson, Holland, Harvey, Kennard, Strachan, Russell, Jones, Rogers, Dickson, Stroud.

Whitfield Wanderers: Crawford, Watson, Davis, Sanderson, Church, Wooltender, Elliot, Furnbridge, Richards, Morrison, Cleary, Leitch, Hollings, Price, Collitt.

NOW ENGLAND MUST FIND NEW TEST MEN

Revision To Approach Of Game Necessary

Says DENIS COMPTON

LET'S have no excuses, no recriminations. We have lost the Ashes to a better all-round team. I believed, as did so many, that when our cricketers left for Australia last autumn we were sending abroad one of the greatest-ever England teams.

We had every reason to be optimistic—and I was more optimistic than most.

But I was wrong. Somehow our batsmen have disappointed, particularly our openers, and the side never really seemed to get going in making runs.

Our fast bowlers were good, but were more workmanlike than successful. The same could be said of our spinners.

Frank Tyson, who on the last tour destroyed the Australians, was yards slower and never struck form. Brian Statham performed magnificently, but what he did on his own was not enough. Freddie Trueman never seemed to be able to provide the decisive break-through.

Grim Outlook

More important, however, was the fact that the Australians have turned out to be a much better side than we thought—and we may as well face it—much our superiors in every department, in batting, in bowling and in fielding. We have been well and truly beaten.

For English cricket the immediate outlook is anything but a happy one. If you try to think of adequate substitutes who could have been sent out to Australia to strengthen the side you draw a blank. There aren't any substitutes.



SUBBA ROW . . . persevere with him

There is no one playing today, batsman or bowler, of whom you could say that if he had been included in the side the result might have been different.

It is a sad comment on the state of our cricket and at the moment it looks that when the great players of the present side have gone there will be a great shortage of talent to replace them.

Consider what the position will be in 1961 when the Australians come here. So far as I can judge, only Jimmy Cowdrey and Gavronsky of the present team will still be England probabilities.

Godfrey Evans will have come to the end of a fabulous career. Jim Laker will have gone, probably Trevor Bailey also.

It is doubtful if Tyson is any longer to be considered as up to Test standard. Statham and Trueman may be past their best.

Tony Lock may, or may not, be available (one has to remember his knee) and in sufficiently good form.

Able Dexter

We will probably have to find eight new men, including a wicketkeeper.

What are we going to do about it?

With India coming here this summer we have an excellent chance of blooded a few youngsters (I say a few because that is the distressing position) who might develop.

There is TED DEXTER, who, I am still convinced, has a great deal of natural ability and can hardly be judged on his Australian record; SUBBA ROW should be persevered with; PETER MARNER and GEOFF FULFAR are both promising batsmen with Lancashire, and the former is said to have impressed Cyril Washbrook considerably; JOHN MURRAY, of Middlesex, has headed the wicket-keeping table for the last three years, and I feel he

should develop into a fine batsman. W. B. STOTT, the Yorkshire batsman, is a candidate as an opener.

You will observe that there is not a bowler in this rough list. I'm afraid that is because I just cannot name one.

Opportunity

There has never been a more urgent and yet more glowing opportunity for some youngsters to achieve bowling fame than at the present moment.

I blame the present approach to cricket in England for the lack of real talent. Our policy in regard to wickets is mainly responsible.

Recently wickets have favoured the bowlers—one has only to think of the Oval and Lord's wickets for the past few years. The unhappy result of this has been two-fold.

Wickets have not been good enough for the young batsman to develop his technique and his confidence, and they have been bad enough for bowlers to get results which have looked good but in fact gave a totally false impression of a bowler's capacity.

In Australia the situation seems to be utterly different. They have been able to produce an almost inexhaustible crop of new bowlers and they now have a side which is very fine indeed with top-class players fighting for places in it.

Too Cautious

Batsmen get a chance of good wickets and bowlers have to make their reputations against much greater odds than in England. The game has benefited and we have seen the results on the present tour.

Again—and I do not think it can be said too often—we must revise our approach to the game. Our cricket has been too dull, too cautious, too uninspiring.

We needed the stimulus of that defeat in Australia.



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Wimbledon Is Sure Sell-Out Again

By DEREK JOHN

London. The year's most successful SOCIAL event... that's the Wimbledon Championships which open every June at the stately All-England Lawn Tennis and Croquet Club, London, S.W. 19.

Thunder and lightning and higher prices are not able to keep fans away. Every year they come in tens of thousands to part with more than a quarter of a million pounds at the turnstiles.

Least of all are they discouraged by the ever-falling standard of play at this premier shindig of the amateur tennis world.

Ashley Cooper, Mal Anderson, Mervyn Rose and several lesser stars have turned professional in the past year. Once again the Wimbledon men's singles title will be undefeated.

But the turnstiles will click in June as merrily as ever. February 9 was the closing date for ticket applications, and an All-England Club official says: "There has been the usual heavy post."

As usual, there will be talk for centry seats and, as usual, thousands of applicants will be disappointed.

Curious Fact

How can we explain the curious fact that even though Wimbledon loses more and more stars, it makes more and more money?

I have always suspected that Wimbledon-going is a form of escapism for a great many spectators. At the All-England Club, they leave behind the drabness of life in the suburbs and enter a world of mannered leisure where the hot polio rub shoulders with sun-tanned Apollons and Venuses.

They can dress up in their most elegant clothes, catch a glimpse of the year's most publicised panties... see giants of the past, like Borotra, Drobny and Patty.

But, without a public opinion poll, it would be unfair to assume that the majority of visitors attend this colourful, cosmopolitan carnival just for the exhilarating social experience. There are some, I believe, who go to Wimbledon actually to see the tennis.

Why do they still go when the world's best tennis players are to be found in the professional ranks?

No Threat

The vast majority of British tennis fans follow one play the game only in the summer. At present, Jack Kramer's stars cannot be seen in Britain until early autumn—and then indoors.

Thus the success of Wimbledon has never been seriously threatened by the expansion of Kramer's empire. And the rulers of the amateur game will never consider the possibility of an Open Wimbledon while the Championships continue to be a sure sell-out.

So I see no prospect of professional playing on Wimbledon's sacred Centre Court. Wimbledon may provide second-class tennis, but it is the best available at the time of year, and it is presented in first-class conditions.

It would be intriguing to see what would happen if Jack Kramer came to Britain at Wimbledon time, and presented first-class tennis in second-rate conditions.

My bet is that Wimbledon would win.

POP—True story



HOW IT HAPPENED



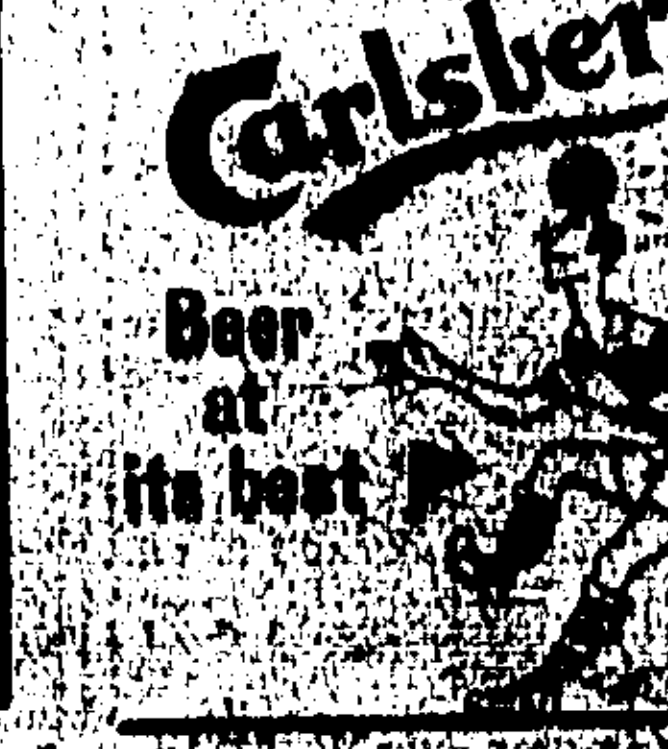
THEY CAME DOWN THE OTHER SIDE



By Gog



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SATURDAY SPORTS SPOT

Let Us Get Back To Sanity In The Choice Of Football Grounds

More and more does it become apparent that many of the men who control the football affairs of this Colony are being blinded by the glamour of the Hongkong Stadium. It is an attitude which is not serving the best interests of the game and the sooner there is a change of thought on the subject the better it will be for the average soccer followers and also in the long run for the finances of all concerned.

Today only a fool pretends that money is not generally the most important consideration in Hongkong amateur football, with certain notable exceptions. The state of the stands is more important to many club officials than the state of the playing pitch.

Last week's charity match between South China and KMB, while not quite in the same category, showed very clearly how the burning desire to do things in a big rather than a practical way is emptying instead of filling the grounds. It is worth looking closely at the set-up.

Reasonable Shelter

The Colony's two top teams were pitted against each other and the United States Marines Bugle and Drum team was in attendance to put on a novel and original show... yet the ground was barely a third full. This game would have packed the Club Stadium and even if the normal prices for that

ground had been raised for certain advantageous positions I do not believe the attendance would have been affected.

I think the fans would even have preferred to watch the encounter at Caroline Hill for, like the Club Stadium, it offers reasonable shelter to the ordinary followers of the game and not only to those who are able to pay high prices. Three dollars fifty cents is a princely sum to thousands of the fans who willingly pour their money into the soccer coffers... but what our football pundits do not apparently want to admit is that \$2.40 or \$1.20 is also a high price to pay to sit out in the rain.

Last Sunday's game should surely make our administrators think and think deeply. The present standard of football is no longer good enough to tempt the fans into getting a wet shirt and paying heavily for the privilege at the same time... even in the most painful—but exposed—surroundings.

Week-End Hockey ARMY 'A', NAV BHARAT IN KEY GAME TOMORROW

By TONY MYATT

Recrelo 'A', well in the running for this season's senior hockey league title, have a bye this week, but will be waiting anxiously for the result of the Army 'A' versus Nav Bharat encounter, scheduled for 2.30 p.m. at Sookunpoo tomorrow.

This game should draw a big crowd and good hockey can be anticipated, providing the ground is not too slippery.

The soldiers have it in them to take maximum points in this encounter, unless of course, Nav Bharat create an upset, and it will be a big one at that, for they are without the services of their star player, Pat Gardner.

If Army lose, or even if they draw, Reclero will become stronger contenders for this year's championship. The Portuguese have 21 points from 13 games; Army 'A' 19 points from 11 games and Nav Bharat 17 points from 11 games.

The other senior game at Sookunpoo to be played off at

11 a.m. on Sunday is between IRC and HKHC. I favour the Indians to take maximum points here.

Not Impressive

The last senior game on Sunday will be between Macensis 'A' and the Navy with the match-off at 4 p.m. at King's Park.

Of late the Macao boys have not come off as a team and it would not be surprising to see them go down to the sailors, who although having not won any games recently have shown impressive form.

Whatever the outcome of this game it should be closely contested.

By I. M. MACTAVISH

The Hongkong Stadium is a wonderful architectural achievement. It is by any standard a magnificent sports arena, arousing the envy of visiting teams as famous as Blackpool and extracting the highest praise even from the great Stanley Matthews... but it is becoming a drug.

Our Wembley

The grand stadium has a vital and important place in Colony football. It is the show piece of our community and as such it should be used sparingly and then only for attractions befitting its status.

It is in its way our Wembley but its value is being prejudiced by those folks who see it as a gold mine. It is nothing of the kind and I know that many folks subscribe to the view that Colony football was happier and richer before the great stadium at Sookunpoo made its appearance.

The 'Grounds Pool' protects the financial interests of Government and the Hongkong Football Association would be well advised to encourage a much greater use of club grounds for all but the most important matches of the season.

There are certain games on our fixture lists which are natural to be played on the Stadium. By all means take them there but let us get back to the essential domestic atmosphere of the Club Stadium and Caroline Hill for the clubs.

Vital Essential

Football is a game which flourishes in the right environment: in fact the fans are a vital essential to the inborn thrills which are associated with it. There is hardly a player who would not prefer to play in front of 14,000 spectators packed tight into the Club Stadium than play in front of the same number scattered around the wide open spaces of the Government ground at Sookunpoo.

That is not loose speculation for I was directly involved in just that situation a few years ago when it was proposed to switch a certain game to the Hongkong Stadium. In concert

with others I was of the opinion that the players who were most intimately concerned should have their say in the matter. The points of the proposal were explained to them... and the vice captain asked a most pertinent question: "If we play at the Club" he said, "we will almost certainly pack the

stands... how many more will we get if we play at the Stadium?"

The honest reply was that the game would probably not attract very many more and the players decided they would be able to put up a better show in the packed Club than they would in the half-filled Hongkong Stadium. How right they were. The game was played as originally planned and against all the predictions of the critics it was won by the non-favoured team.

It would be a good thing if now and again some of our present administrators took their thoughts off the turnstiles and concentrated more on what happens inside the touchlines. Our football could only benefit.

This week I received a most interesting letter from a soldier in which he lamented the fact that there are no Colony Open Billiards and Snooker Championships operative at the present time.

He goes on to enquire whether there is any possibility of such competitions being re-started as he has heard that they used to be held regularly.

This is an interesting query for both billiards and snooker are extremely popular in Hongkong and there are many fine players around these parts.

In his letter my correspondent makes this comment: "In Hongkong you seem to play just about every game in the book except the fine old games of billiards and snooker. Why? Don't the Chinese males who have a good eye for the ball like the game, or is there some other reason?"

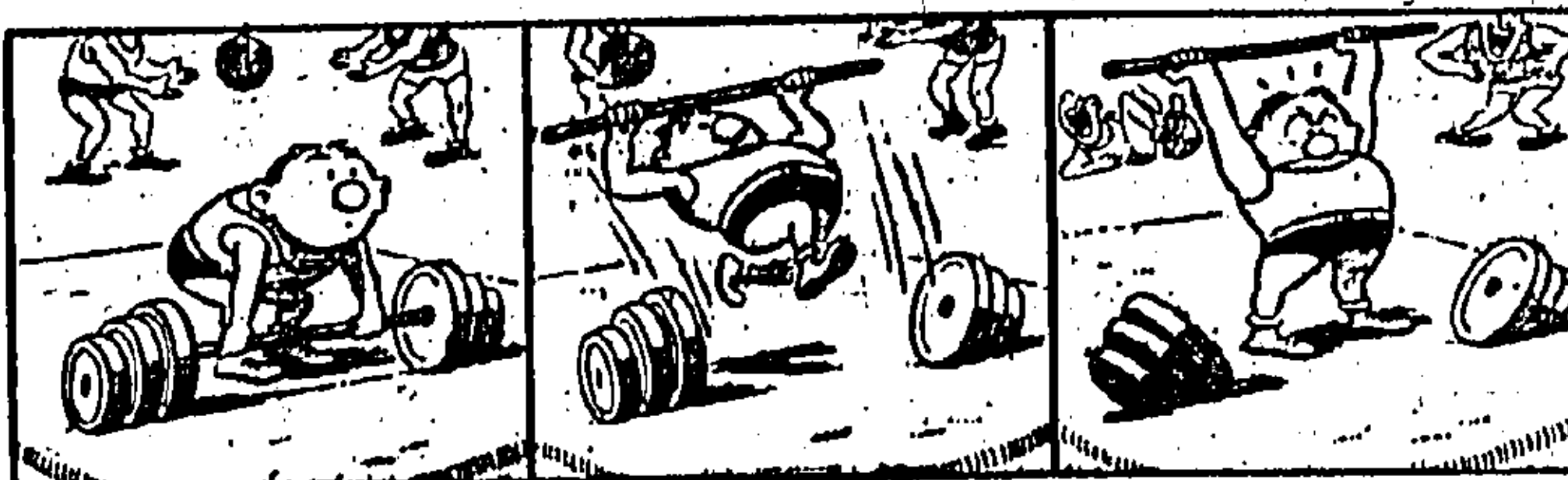
Any Offers?

In the days gone by, and not so very long ago at that, men like Spotty Pereira for example, used to delight local fans of the green cloth with big brains and deadly potting—and now that the matter has been raised it does seem a great pity that there is no Colony Championships at the present time.

I don't know the reason. Do you?

SPORTING SAM

by Reg. Wootton



London Express Service

Glorious Goal

The second snippet concerns big Jim Murray whose glorious goal against South China in the Senior Shield Final of 1955 is still recalled.

Murray who, like Mullett, was a professional went home to the United Kingdom in a blaze of publicity but almost before he had time to settle down he suffered a bad injury which threatened to end his career and in fact it kept him out of active football for eighteen months.

But, as Hongkong folks will probably remember, Murray was nothing if not determined and he has now fought his way back to football fitness and has signed for Hastings in the Southern League. Let's hope he has better luck this time.

★ ★ ★

Finally a note for our Chinese friends... Watford, the English League club, has recently hit better form and the manager of the side attributes the change in fortune to a decision to move Chung, his Chinese inside-forward or wing-half, to centre-half.

The side has not looked back since and all the critics who decided Chung was too small and too frail for the job are now being forced to eat their words.

GOLF'S TRIPLE CROWN

In three months' time, Britain may be holding all three of the team golf trophies which they contest with the United States.

Britain's Ryder Cup professionals won on home ground in 1957; Britain's women golfers retained the Curtis Cup on American soil in 1958. Now it's the turn of the British amateurs who, on May 15, meet the Americans at Muirfield, Scotland. They hope to win the Walker Cup for the first time since 1938.

HIGH HOPES

British hopes are high because so many established players are having to fight for their places. Even Joe Carr, the one man certain of a place, is training harder than ever. Carr, British Amateur golf champion, is practising by floodlight every night at the bottom of his garden.

He says: "I live on a golf course and I've got a couple of 1,000-watt bulbs fixed up as floodlights. I hit 120 tee shots and practice chipping and putting as well every night."

THE GAMBOLS . . . by Barry Appleby



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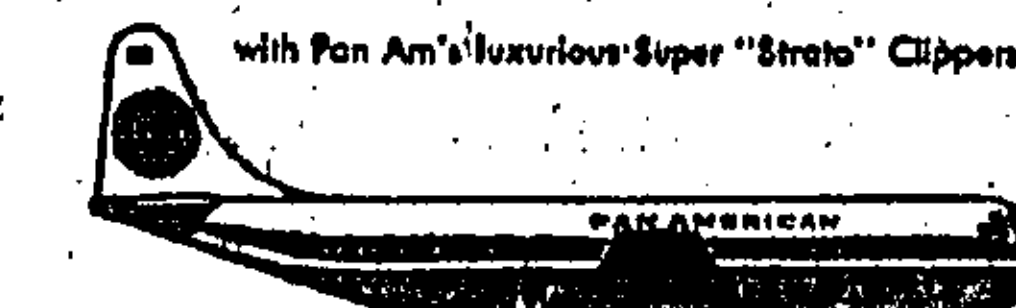


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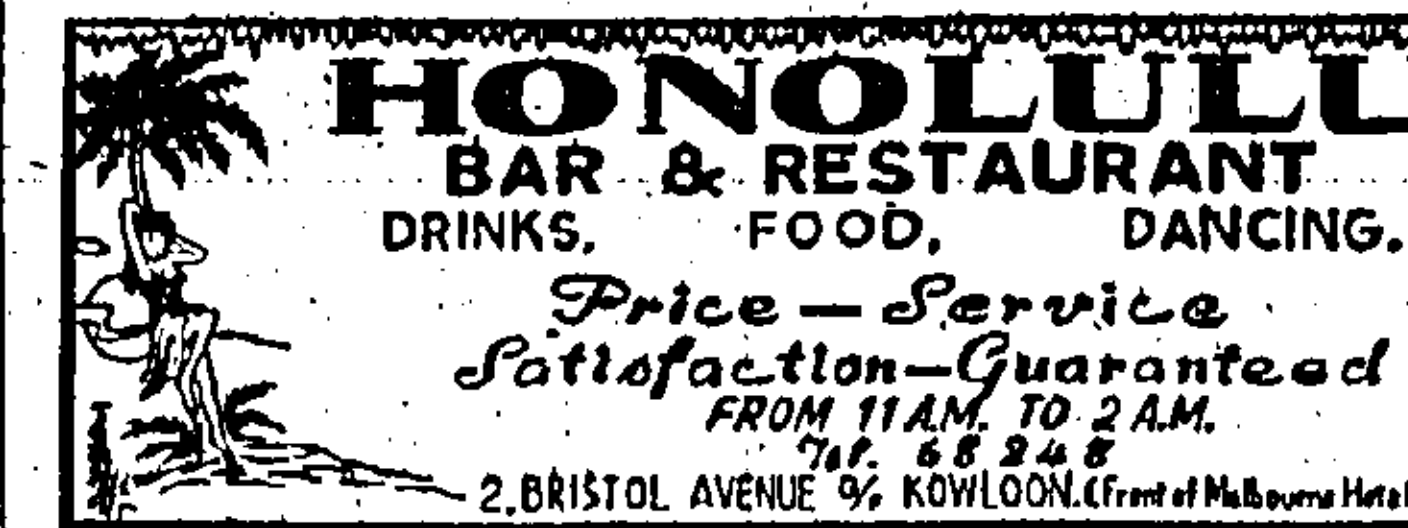
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